

RELIEF SOCIETY  
SONG BOOK

Boise First Ward  
Relief Society

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# Relief Society Song Book

A collection of selected hymns and songs especially  
arranged for the use of the Relief Societies  
of the Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter-day Saints



*Published by the*  
**General Board of Relief Society**  
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**THIRD EDITION**

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Music Arranged and Compiled  
by  
**BRIGHAM CECIL GATES**

Relief Society Song Book

Published by the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
at the Office of the General Board of Relief Societies  
121 North 400 West  
Salt Lake City, Utah

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By CLARISSA S. WILLIAMS  
For General Board Relief Society

# OPENING HYMNS.

## No. 1. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

HAMMOND.

C. M. VON WEBER.

*Moderato.*

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;  
2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;  
3. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;  
4. Grant we all may seek and find Thee, our gracious God, and kind;

Do not Thou our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
Lord, from hence we would not go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.  
Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" re - turn.  
Heal the sick, the cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee.

## No. 2. O God, Our Help.

Wesley Collection.

B. C. GATES.

1. O God, our help in ag - es past, Our hope for years to come,  
2. With - in the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;  
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,


Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.

## No. 3.



## To Thee, O God.

JOHN LYON.



Old melody.



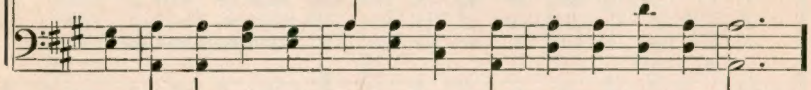
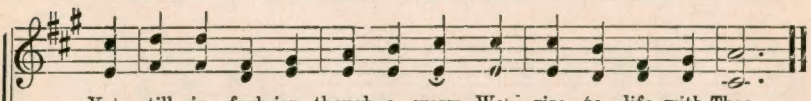
1. To Thee, O God, we do ap-proach With grat - i - tude and praise,  
 2. Thou dwellest in the pur - est light, Where truth and glo - ry shine;  
 3. Yet thanks be to Thy ho - ly name For truth re-stored to earth,  
 4. What hon - or, glo - ry and re - nown A - wait the pure in heart,


To know Thy char - ac - ter is such As 'twas in for - mer days!  
 The brightest of per - fect - ed pow'r And maj - es - ty are Thine.  
 That man, tho' lost, can now re - gain A pure, ce - les - tial birth;  
 When they, transformed to be like Thee, Shall all Thy light im - part,

That Thou hast made us in Thy form, Tho' now we fall - en be;  
 But man, a - las! how prone to sin, How sub - ject to di - sease!  
 And be re - stored to Thy bright form Thro' con - stan - cy and love,  
 And have e - ter - nal lives to give, Kingdoms and worlds to sway,

Yet still in fash - ion, though a worm, We'll rise to life with Thee.  
 De - formed and fall - en, touched by death, He bends to ev - 'ry breeze.  
 To see Thy face and live with Thee On earth and heav'n a - bove.  
 And neither pain nor sor - row feel Throughout e - ter - nal day.





## No. 4.

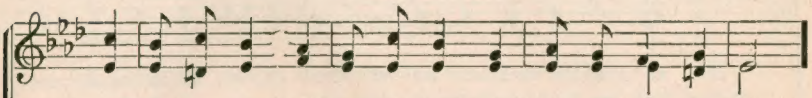
## Beneath this Sacred Roof.

S. Y. GATES.

B. CECIL GATES.



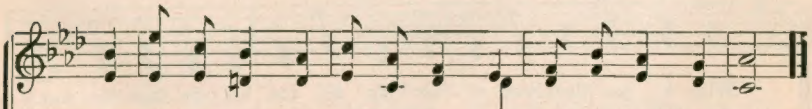
1. Be - neath this sa - cred roof we meet To sing to Thee and pray,  
 2. Re - move from us all world - ly care, And fix our thoughts on Thee;



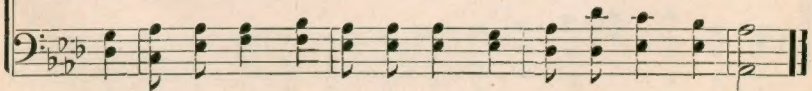
Our hearts at - tuned to ho - ly thoughts We wor - ship here to - day.  
 De - liv - er us from sin - ful hearts, From e - vil set us free.



The rich out - pour - ing of Thy love In spread - ing waves be - stow,  
 Our fee - ble lamps re - new with oil And charge our souls a - new

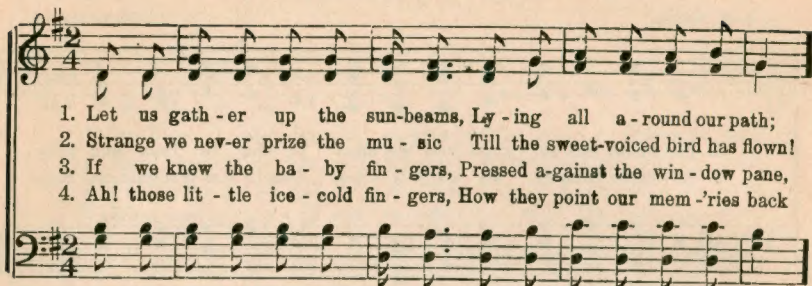


That we may ear - ly learn Thy word, And serve Thee here be - low.  
 With quick'ning grac - es from Thy throne, With light di - vine - ly true.

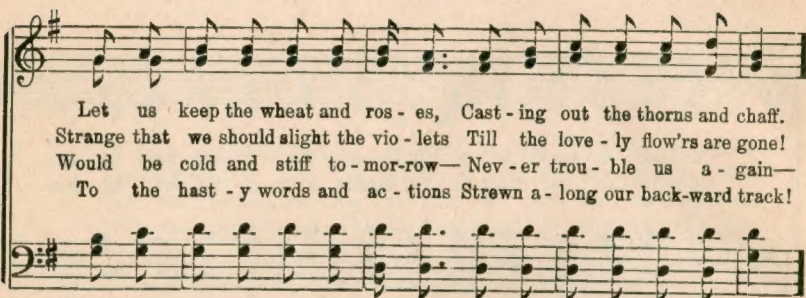


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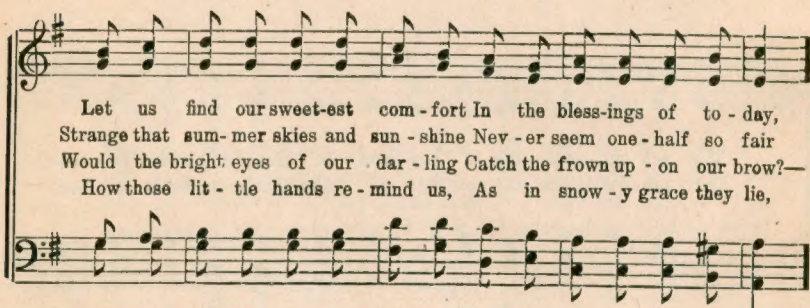
## Scatter Seeds of Kindness.



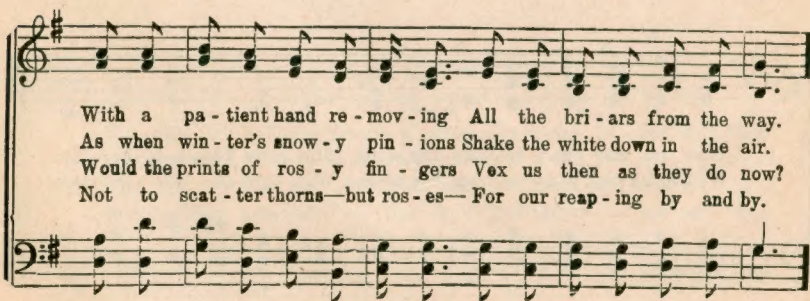
1. Let us gath-er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all a-round our path;  
 2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!  
 3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-against the win-dow pane,  
 4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'-ries back



Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff.  
 Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!  
 Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—  
 To the hast-y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!



Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,  
 Strange that sum-mer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair  
 Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—  
 How these lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,



With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.  
 As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.  
 Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?  
 Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es—For our reap-ing by and by.

## Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,

*ad. lib.*

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For our reap-ing by and by.

## No. 6.

## Hear Us Pray.

ANNIE MALIN.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.

1. God, our Fa-ther, hear us pray, Send Thy grace this ho-ly day;  
 2. Grant us, Fa-ther, grace di-vine, May Thy smile up-on us shine;  
 3. As we drink the wa-ter clear, Let Thy Spir-it lin-ger near;

As we take of em-blems blest, On our Sav-iour's love we rest.  
 As we eat the bro-ken bread, Thine ap-prov-al on us shed.  
 Par-don faults, O Lord, we pray, Bless our ef-forts day by day.

No. 7.

Sowing.

H. A. TUCKETT.

1. We are sow - ing, dai - ly sow - ing Count-less seeds of good and ill,  
 2. Seeds that fall a - mid the still-ness Of the lone - ly moun-tain glen;  
 3. Seeds that lie unchanged, un-quickened, Life-less on the teem-ing mould;  
 4. Thou who know-est all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone!

Scat - tered on the lev - el low-land, Cast up - on the wind - y hill;  
 Seeds cast out in crowd-ed pla - ces, Trod-den un - der foot of men;  
 Seeds that live, and grow, and flour - ish When the sow - er's hand is cold;  
 Bid Thine an - gels guard the fur-rows Where the pre - cious grain is sown;

Seeds that sink in rich, brown fur-rows, Soft with heav-en's gra-cious rain;  
 Seeds, by i - die hearts for - got - ten, Flung at ran - dom on the air;  
 By a whis - per sow we bless-ings, By a breath we scat - ter strife,  
 Till the fields are crowned with glo - ry, Filled with mel - low, ripened ears;

Seeds that rest up - on the sur - face Of the dry, un - yield - ing plain.  
 Seeds, by faith - ful souls re - mem - bered, Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.  
 In our words, and looks, and ac - tions Lie the seeds of death and life.  
 Filled with fruit of life e - ter - nal From the seed we sowed in tears.

# No. 8. Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

*Allegro marcato.*

JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. Come, lis - ten to a Proph - et's voice, And hear the word of  
 2. The gloom of sul - len dark - ness, spread Thro' earth's ex - tend - ed  
 3. 'Tis not in man they put their trust, Or on his arm re-

God, And in the way of truth re - jice, And sing for joy a -  
 space, Is ban - ished by our liv - ing Head, And God has shown His  
 ly, Full well as - sured, all are ac - cursed Who Je - sus Christ de-

loud. We've found the way the Proph - ets went, Who lived in days of  
 face. Through err - ing schemes, in days now past, The world has gone a -  
 ny. The Sav - iour to His peo - ple saith, Let all my words o-

yre; An - oth - er Proph - et now is sent, This knowledge to re - store.  
 stray; Yet Saints of God have found at last The straight and nar - row way.  
 bey, And signs shall fol - low liv - ing faith Down to the la - test day.

No. 9.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BAISING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 On to vic - to - ry. Hell's founda - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!  
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an - thems raise. Onward, Christian  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 This through countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be - fore.  
 war, With the cross of Je - sus

No. 10.

Catch the Sunshine.

*Allegretto.*

G. F. Root.



1. Catch the sun-shine! tho' it flick - ers Thro' a dark and dis - mal cloud,
2. Catch the sun-shine! tho' life's tem - pest May un - furl its chill - ing blast,
3. Catch the sun-shine! don't be griev - ing O'er that dark - some bil - low there!



Tho' it falls so faint and fee - ble On a heart with sor - row bowed.  
 Catch the lit - tle, hope - ful strag - gler! Storms will not for - ev - er last;  
 Life's a sea of storm - y bil - lows, We must meet them ev - 'ry - where.

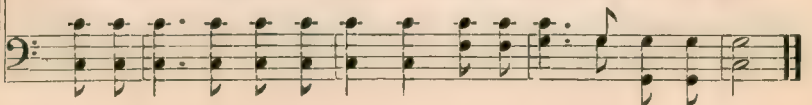


Catch it quick - ly! it is pass - ing, Pass - ing rap - id - ly a - way;  
 Don't give up and say "for - sak - en," Don't be - gin to say "I'm sad!"  
 Pass right thro' them, do not tar - ry, O - ver - come the heav - ing tide,



*Rit.*

It has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a bright - er day.  
 Look! there comes a gleam of sun - shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad.  
 There's a spark - ling gleam of sun - shine Wait - ing on the oth - er side.



# No. 11.

# Though Deepening Trials.

E. R. SNOW.

GEORGE CARELESS.

1. Tho' deep'ning tri - als thron'g your way, Press on, press  
 2. Tho' out-ward ills a - wait us here, The time at  
 3. Lift up your hearts in praise to God, Let your re-  
 4. All glo - ry to His ho - ly name, Who sends His

on, ye Saints of God! Ere long the res - ur-  
 long - est is not long Ere Je - sus Christ will  
 joic - ings nev - er cease; Tho' trib - u - la - tions  
 faith - ful serv - ants forth To prove the na - tions -

rec - tion day Will spread its life and light a -  
 re - ap - pear, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious  
 rage a - broad, Christ says, "In me ye shall have  
 to pro - claim Sal - va - tion's ti - dings thro' the

broad, Will spread its life and light a - broad.  
 thron'g, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious thron'g.  
 peace," Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace."  
 earth, Sal - va - tion's ti - dings thro' the earth.



No. 12.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en - cir-eling gloom,      Lead Thou me  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou      Shouldst lead me  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still      Will lead me

on! The night is dark and I am far from home!      Lead Thou me  
 on! I loved to choose and see my path; but now      Lead Thou me  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till      The night is

on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to  
 on! I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of  
 gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

sea..... The dis - tant scene! one step e - nough for me.  
 fears,.... Pride rul'd my will, re-mem-ber not past years.  
 smile.... Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

No. 13.

Do What Is Right.

*f*

1. Do what is right! the day-dawn is break-ing, Hail-ing a  
 2. Do what is right! the shack-les are fall-ing, Chains of the  
 3. Do what is right! be faith-ful and fear-less, On-ward, press

fu-ture of free-dom and light; An-gels a-bove us are  
 bondsmen no lon-ger are bright; Lightened by hope, soon they'll  
 on-ward, the goal is in sight; Eyes that are wet now, ere

si-lent notes tak-ing Of ev-'ry ac-tion; do what is right!  
 cease to be gall-ing; Truth go-eth on-ward; do what is right!  
 long will be tear-less; Bless-ings a-wait you; do what is right!

CHORUS.

*f*

Do what is right, let the con-se-quence fol-low; Bat-tle for

free-dom in spir-it and might; And with stout hearts look ye

## Do What Is Right.

forth till to - mor-row; God will pro - tect you; do what is right!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

## No. 14. Earth, with her Ten Thousand Flowers.

W. W. PRELPS.

T. C. GRIECS.

1. Earth, with her ten thou - sand flow'rs, Air, with all its beams and show'rs,  
2. Sounds a-mong the vales and hills, In the woods and by the rills,  
3. All the hopes that sweet - ly start From the foun-tain of the heart,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

Heav-en's in - fi - nite ex - pane, Sea's re-splen-dent coun - te-nance,  
Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gen - tle mur - mur stirred.  
All the bliss that ev - er comes To our earth - ly hu - man homes,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

All a - round and all a - bove, Bear this rec - ord, God is love.  
Sa - cred songs, be - neath, a - bove, Have one cho - rus, God is love.  
All the voi - ces from a - bove, Sweet - ly whis - per, God is love.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

No. 15.

The Lord Is My Light.

J. NICHOLSON.

(transposed.)

J. R. SWENBY.

1. The Lord is my light—then why should I fear? By day and by night  
 2. The Lord is my light, tho' clouds may a - rise, Faith, stronger than sight,  
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in His might  
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight

His pres - ence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from sor - row and sin, This  
 looks up thro' the skies, Where Je - sus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign—Then  
 I'll con - quer at length; My weak - ness in mer - cy He cov - ers with power, And,  
 no dark - ness at all; He is my Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour and King—With

CHORUS.

bles - ed as - sur - ance the Spir - it doth bring. The Lord.... is my  
 how can I ev - er in dark - ness re - main?  
 walk - ing by faith, I am blest ev - 'ry hour.  
 saints and with an - gels His prais - es I'll sing. is my light, the

light, He is my joy and my song,..... By day.....  
 Lord is my light, He is my joy, and my song, and by night,

## O Ye Mountains High.

home, un - to thee I have come—All my fond hopes are cen-tered in thee.  
 fly to thy cham-bers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sor-row with thee.  
 shine with a splen-dor di-vine, And e - ter - nal thy glo - ry shall be.  
 bend, all thy rights we'll de-fend, And our home shall be ev - er with thee.

## No. 18. Our God, We Raise to Thee.

B. SNOW.

H. CAREY.

1. Our God, we raise to Thee Thanks for Thy bless - ings free  
 2. Bless Thou our Proph - et dear; May health and com - fort cheer  
 3. So shall Thy king - dom spread, As by Thy Proph - ets said,  
 4. O may Thy saints be one, Like Fa - ther and the Son,

We here en - joy; In this far west - ern land, A true and  
 His no - ble heart; His words with fire im - pres On souls tha.  
 From sea to sea; As one u - nit - ed whole Truth burn in  
 Nor dis - a - gree; U - nit - ed heart and hand, So may they

*Cres.*  
 cho - sen band, Led hith - er by Thy hand, We sing for joy.  
 Thou wilt bless; To choose in right - eous-ness, The bet - ter part.  
 ev - 'ry soul, While hast - 'ning to the goal We long to see.  
 ev - er stand, A firm and val - iant band, E - ter - nal - ly.

# No. 19.

# The Happy Day Has Rolled On.

P. DIBBLE.

E. BEESLEY.

1. The hap - py day has roll - ed on, The truth re-  
 2. The gos - pel trump a - gain is heard, The truth from  
 3. The day by Proph - ets long fore - told, The day which  
 4. The day when Saints a - gain shall hear The voice of

stored is now made known, The prom - ised an - gel's  
 dark - - ness has ap - peared; The lands, which long be-  
 A - - bram did be - hold, The day that Saints de-  
 Je - - sus in their ear, And an - gels, who a-

come a - gain To in - tro - duce Mes - si - ah's reign.  
 night - ed lay, Have now be - held a glo - rious day.  
 sired so long, When God His strange work would per - form.  
 bove do reign, Come down to con - verse hold with men.

# No. 20. Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

ALEX. NEIBAUR.

(Transposed.)

A. C. SMYTH.

1. { Come, thou glorious day of prom-ise, Come and spread thy cheer-ful ray, }  
 { When the scattered sheep of Is - rael Shall no lon - ger go a-stray; }  
 2. { Lord, How long wilt Thou be an - gry; Shall Thy wrath for-ev - er burn? }  
 { Rise, re-deem Thine an-cient peo-ple, Their transgressions from them turn; }  
 3. { Oh, that soon Thou wouldst to Ja-cob Thy en - live - ning Spir - it send! }  
 { Of their un - be - lief and mis - 'ry Make, O Lord, a speed - y end. }

## Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

When ho - san-nas, When ho - san-nas With u - nit - ed voice they'll cry.  
 King of Is - rael, King of Is - rael, Come and set Thy peo - ple free.  
 Lord, Mes - si - ah! Lord, Mes-si - ah! Prince of Peace o'er Is - rael reign.

## No. 21. Zion Prospers, All Is Well.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. O a - wake! my slumb'ring min-strel, Let my harp for - get its spell;
2. Strike a chord un-known to sad - ness, Strike, and let its num-bers tell,
3. Zi - on's wel-fare is my por - tion, And I feel my bos - om swell
4. Zi - on, lo! thy day is dawn - ing, Tho' the dark-some shadows swell,
5. Thy swift mes-sen-gers are tread - ing Thy high courts where princes dwell,

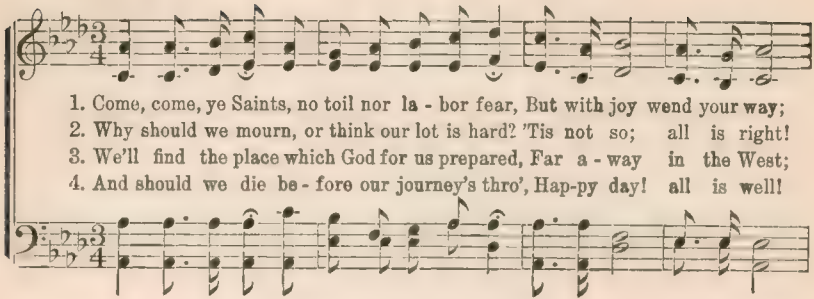
Say, O say, in sweetest ac - cents, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;  
 In ce - les - tial tones of glad - ness, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;  
 With a warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she prospers, all is well;  
 Faith and hope pre-lude the morn-ing, Thou art pro-spr'ing, all is well;  
 And thy glo-rious light is spreading, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;

*p* Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.  
*ff* Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.  
 When she prospers, when she pros - pers, When she prospers, all is well.  
 Thou art pros-p'ring, thou art pros-p'ring, Thou art prosp'ring, all is well.  
 Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.

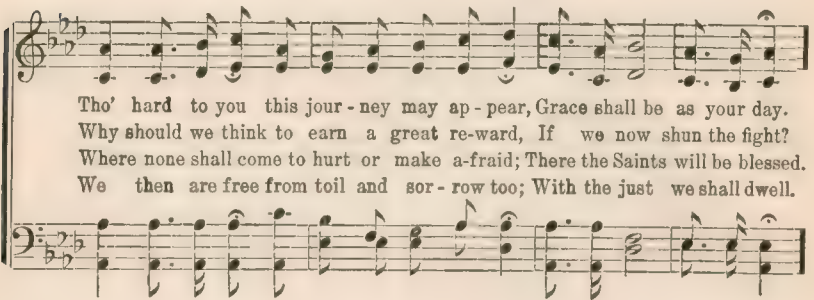
No. 22.

Come, Come, Ye Saints.

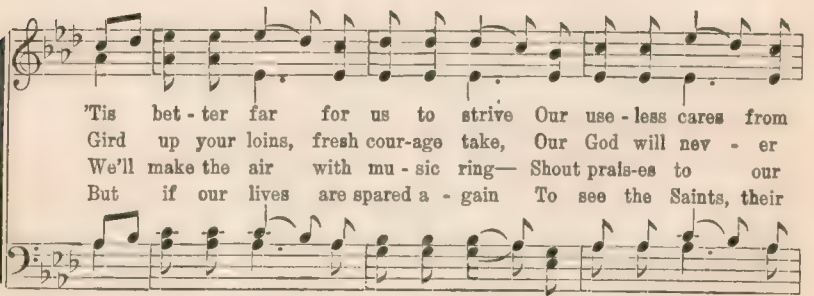
W. CLAYTON.



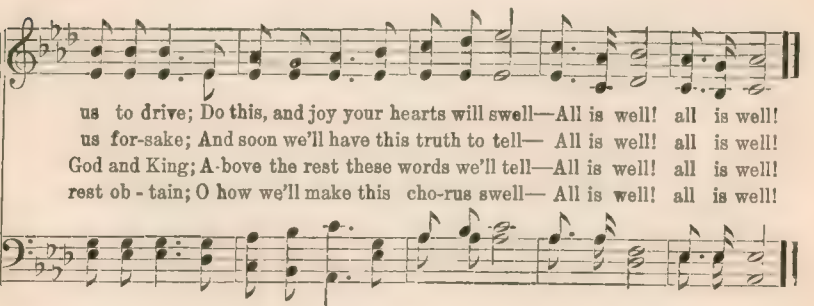
1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor la - bor fear, But with joy wend your way;  
 2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!  
 3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a - way in the West;  
 4. And should we die be - fore our journey's thro', Hap - py day! all is well!



Tho' hard to you this jour - ney may ap - pear, Grace shall be as your day.  
 Why should we think to earn a great re - ward, If we now shun the fight?  
 Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fright; There the Saints will be blessed.  
 We then are free from toil and sor - row too; With the just we shall dwell.



'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from  
 Gird up your loins, fresh cour - age take, Our God will nev - er  
 We'll make the air with mu - sic ring— Shout prais - es to our  
 But if our lives are spared a - gain To see the Saints, their



us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—All is well! all is well!  
 us for - sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell— All is well! all is well!  
 God and King; A - bove the rest these words we'll tell—All is well! all is well!  
 rest ob - tain; O how we'll make this cho - rus swell— All is well! all is well!



# No. 23. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

KELLY.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed— Zi - on, kept by  
 2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend un-  
 3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee

pow'r di - vine; All her foes shall be con - found-ed,  
 faith - ful prove, Moth - ers cease their own to cher - ish,  
 forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee,

Tho' the world in arms com - bine; Hap - py Zi - on,  
 Heav'n and earth at last re - move; But no chang - es,  
 Thou art pre - cious in His sight; God is with thee,

Hap - py 'Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!  
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.  
 God is with thee; Thou shalt tri - umph in His might.

No. 24.

Jerusalem the Golden.

ST. BERNARD, A. D. 1150.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quer'd in the fight,  
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed,  
 And bright with ma - ny an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.  
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not,—oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,  
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,  
 Oh, land that see'st no sor - row, Oh, state that fear'st no strife!  
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.  
 Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!  
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest!

No. 25.

Love at Home.

1. There is beau-ty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in  
 2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-ry  
 3. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the world is

ev-'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide,  
 ne'er an-oy, When there's love at home. Ro-ses bloom be-neath our feet,  
 filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by,

Smil-ing sweet on ev-'ry side, Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide,  
 All the earth's a gar-den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete,  
 Brighter beams the az-ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;  
 When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;  
 When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;

Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.  
 Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love at home.  
 Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

No. 26.

Our Mountain Home So Dear.

E. B. WELLS.

(Transposed.)

R. STEPHENS.

1. Our moun-tain home so dear, Where cry-stal wa - ters clear Flow ev - er  
 2. We'll roam the ver - dant hills, And by the spark - ling rills Pluck the wild  
 3. In syl - van depth and shade, In for - est and in glade, Where'er we  
 4. The stream-let, flow'r and sod, Be - speak the works of God; And all com-

free, Flow ev - er free; While thro' the val - leys wide The flow'rs on  
 flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs; The fra-grance on the air, The land-scape  
 pass, Wher-e'er we pass, The hand of God we see, In leaf and  
 bine, And all com-bine, With most trans - port-ing grace, His hand - i-

Flow ev - er free;

ev - 'ry side, Bloom - ing in state - ly pride, Are fair to see.  
 bright and fair, And sun-shine ev - 'ry-where, Make pleas-ant hours.  
 bud and tree, Or bird or hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.  
 work to trace, Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In heart di - vine.

No. 27.

Come, O Thou King of Kings.

P. P. PRATT.

1. Come, O Thou King of kings— We've wait - ed long for Thee,— With  
 2. Come, make an end of sin, And cleanse the earth by fire, And  
 3. Ho - san - nas now shall sound From all the ran-somed throng, And  
 4. Hail! Prince of Life and Peace! Thrice wel - come to Thy throne! While

## Come, O Thou King of Kings.

heal- ing in Thy wings, To set Thy peo- ple free; Come, Thou de-  
 right- eous- ness bring in, That Saints may tune the lyre, With songs of  
 glo- ry ech- o round / A new tri- umph- al song; The wide ex-  
 all the chos- en race Their Lord and Sav- iour own. The heath - en

sire of na - tions, come, Let Is - rael now be gath - ered bome.  
 joy, a hap - pier strain, To wel - come in Thy peace - ful reign.  
 panse of heav - en fill With an- thems sweet from Zi - on's hill.  
 na - tions bow the knee, And ev - 'ry tongue sounds praise to Thee.

### No. 28

### Invocation.

W. G. BICKLEY.

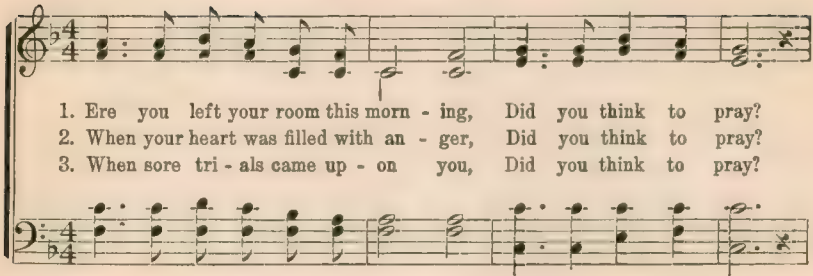
As we have here assembled to sing Thy praise, Oh, Lord, And from Thy ho-ly

sis- ters To hear Thy sacred word, We ask Thee now to grant us The unction

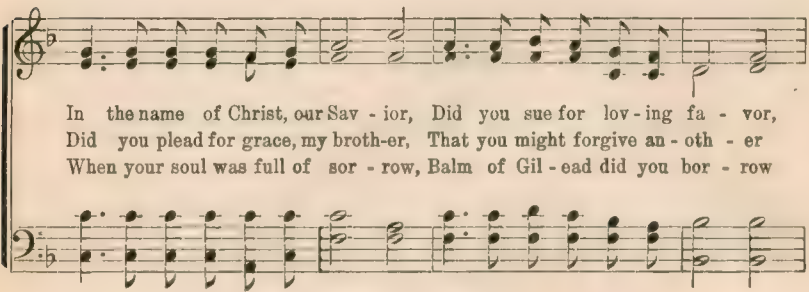
of Thy love, So that our hearts and voi - ces shall reach Thy throne above.

No. 29.

# Did You Think to Pray?

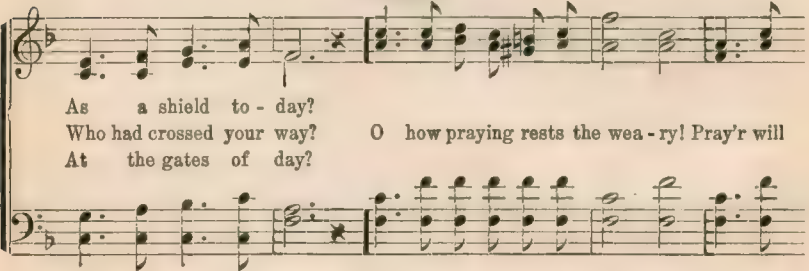


1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?  
2. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?  
3. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

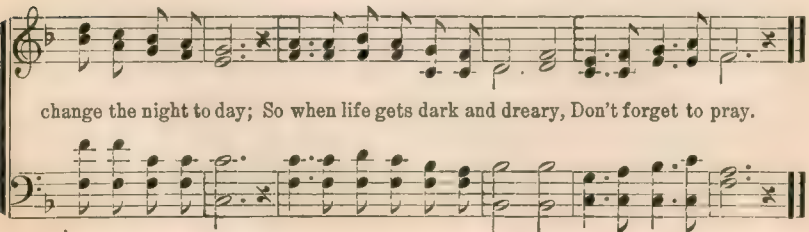


In the name of Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,  
Did you plead for grace, my broth - er, That you might forgive an - oth - er  
When your soul was full of sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row

## REFRAIN.



As a shield to - day?  
Who had crossed your way? O how praying rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will  
At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So when life gets dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

## No. 30.

## Joseph Smith's First Prayer.

G. M.

(Transposed.)

A. C. SMYTH.

1. O how love-ly was the morn-ing! Radiant beamed the sun a - bove,  
 2. Humbly kneeling, sweet ap-pear-ing—"Twas the boy's first ut-tered pray'r—  
 3. Sud-den-ly a light de-scend-ed, Brighter far than noon-day sun,  
 4. "Joseph, this is my Be-lov-ed, Hear Him!" oh, how sweet the word!

Bees were humming, sweet birds singing, Mu - sic ring - ing thro' the grove,  
 When the pow'rs of sin as - sail - ing Filled his soul with deep de - spair,  
 And a shin - ing, glo - rious pil - lar O'er him fell, a - round him shone,  
 Jo - seph's hum - ble pray'r was answered, And he list - ened to the Lord;

When with - in the sha - dy wood - land, Jo - seph sought the God of love;  
 But un - daunt - ed still, he trust - ed In his heav'n - ly Fa - ther's care;  
 While ap - peared two heav'n - ly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son;  
 Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God;

When with - in the sha - dy wood - land, Jo - seph sought the God of love.  
 But un - daunt - ed still, He trust - ed In his heav'n - ly Fa - ther's care.  
 While ap - peared two heav'n - ly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son.  
 Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God.

# CLOSING HYMNS.

No. 31.

God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN.

(Transposed.)

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we  
 found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we  
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



No. 32.

How Firm a Foundation.

KIRKHAM.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is  
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In  
 3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For  
 4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The  
 5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He  
 pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home or a -  
 I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,  
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not thee o'er - flow, For I will be  
 will not, I can - not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all

say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus, you  
 broad, on the land or the sea, As thy days may de - mand, as thy  
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous, up -  
 with thee, thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee, and  
 hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, I'll

who un - to Je - sus, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.  
 days may de - mand, As thy days may demand, so thy suc - cor shall be.  
 held by my right - eous, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 sanc - ti - fy to thee, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 nev - er, no, nev - er, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!

No. 33.

Praise to the Man.

(Transposed.)

W. W. PHELPS.

1. Praise to the man who com-muned with Je - ho - vah! Je - sus a -  
 2. Praise to his mem - 'ry, he died as a mar - tyr, Hon - ored and  
 3. Great is his glo - ry, and end - less his Priest-hood, Ev - er and  
 4. Sac - ri - fice brings forth the bless - ings of heav - en; Earth must a -

noint - ed "that Proph - et and Seer"— Bless - ed to o - pen the  
 blest be his ev - er great name! Long shall his blood, which was  
 ev - er the keys he will hold; Faith - ful and true he will  
 tone for the blood of that man; Wake up the world for the

last dis - pen - sa - tion; Kings shall ex - tol him, and na - tions re - vere.  
 shed by as - sas - sins; Stain Il - li - nois, while the earth lauds his fame.  
 en - ter his king - dom, Crowned in the midst of the Proph - ets of old.  
 con - flict of jus - tice; Mil - lions shall know "broth - er Jo - seph" a - gain.

CHORUS.

Hail to the Proph - et, as - cend - ed to heav - en! Trait - ors and

## Praise to the Man.

ty - rants now fight him in vain;..... Min - gling with Gods, he can  
 plan for his brethren; Death can - not con - quer the he - ro - a - gain.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

### No. 34.

## All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

Crown Him Lord.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

## No. 35. Lord, We Ask Thee, Ere We Part.

GEO. MANWARING.

E. BRESLEY.

1. Lord, we ask Thee, ere we part, Bless the teach-ings of this day,  
 2. In the in - no - cence of youth We would all Thy laws ful - fill;  
 3. Fa - ther, mer - ci - ful and kind, While we la - bor for the right,  
 4. All our fol - lies, Lord, for - give, Keep us from temp - ta - tions free;

Plant them deep in ev - 'ry heart, That with us they'll ev - er stay.  
 Lead us in the way of truth, Give us strength to do Thy will.  
 May we in Thy serv - ice find Sweet - est pleas - ure, pure de - light.  
 Help us ev - er - more to live Lives of ho - li - ness to Thee.

## No. 36. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

MONTGOMERY.

G. CARLESS.

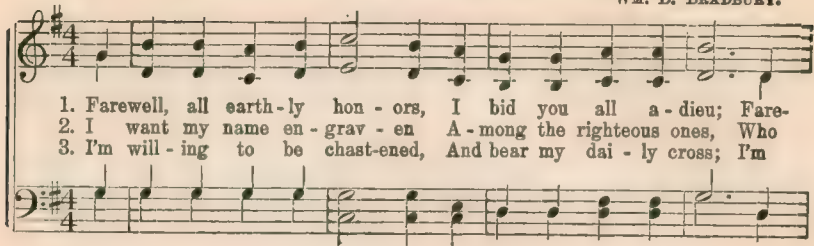
*Andante.*

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;  
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,  
 3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;  
 4. Prayer is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;

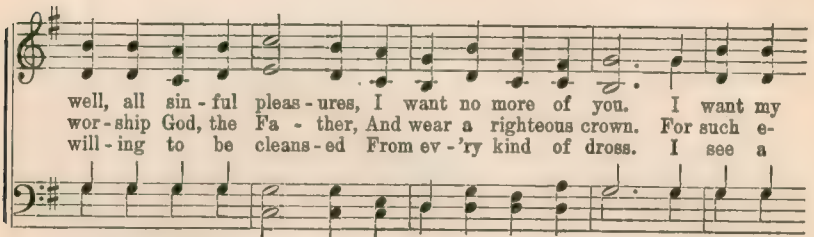
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.  
 The up - ward glanc - ing of an eye, When none but God is near.  
 Prayer, the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.  
 His watch - word at the gates of death; He en - ters heav'n with pray'r.

# No. 37. Farewell, All Earthly Honors.

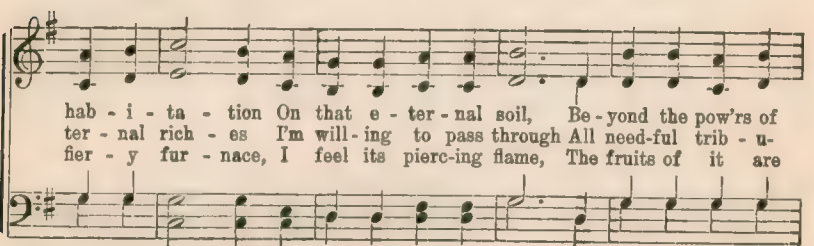
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Farewell, all earth-ly hon - ors, I bid you all a - dieu; Fare-  
2. I want my name en - grav - en A - mong the righteous ones, Who  
3. I'm will - ing to be chast-ened, And bear my dai - ly cross; I'm

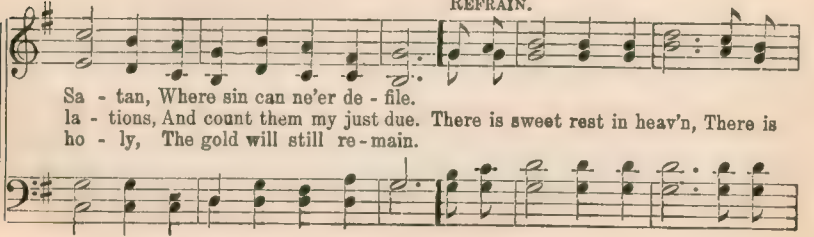


well, all sin - ful pleas - ures, I want no more of you. I want my  
wor - ship God, the Fa - ther, And wear a righteous crown. For such e -  
will - ing to be cleans - ed From ev - 'ry kind of dross. I see a



hab - i - ta - tion On that e - ter - nal soil, Be - yond the pow'rs of  
ter - nal rich - es I'm will - ing to pass through All need - ful trib - u -  
fier - y fur - nace, I feel its pierc - ing flame, The fruits of it are

## REFRAIN.



Sa - tan, Where sin can ne'er de - file.  
la - tions, And count them my just due. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is  
ho - ly, The gold will still re - main.



sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

No. 38.

The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

(Transposed.)

W. W. PHELPS.

1. { The Spir - it of God like a fire... is burn - ing! The  
The vi - sions and bless - ings of old are re - turn - ing! And

2. { The Lord is ex - tend - ing the Saints' un - der - stand - ing, Re -  
The knowl - edge and pow - er of God are ex - pand - ing, The

3. { How bless - ed the day when the lamb and the li - on Shall  
And Eph - raim be crowned with his bless - ing in Zi - on, As

REFRAIN.

lat - ter day glo - ry be - gins to come forth; } We'll sing and we'll  
an - gels are com - ing to vis - it the earth. } We'll sing and we'll  
stor - ing their judg - es and all as at first, } We'll sing and we'll  
vail o'er the earth is be - gin - ning to burst. } We'll sing and we'll  
lle down to - geth - er with - out an - y ire, } We'll sing and we'll  
Je - sus de - scends with His char - iots of fire! }

shout with the ar - mies of heav - en, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to

God and the Lamb! Let glo - ry to them in the high - est be

## The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

giv - en, Hence-forth and for - ev - er; a - men, and a - men.

## No. 39. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou  
 4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,  
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,  
 stars for - get, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

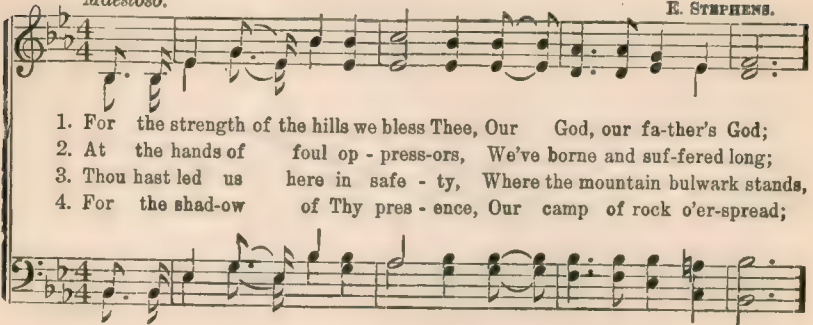
# No. 40. For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by E. L. SLOAN.

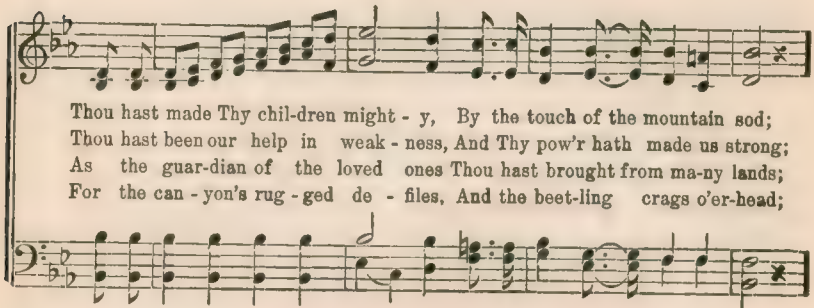
(Transposed.)

*Maestoso.*

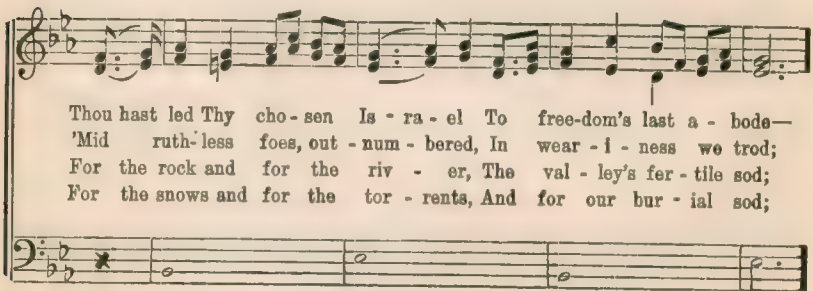
E. STEPHENS.



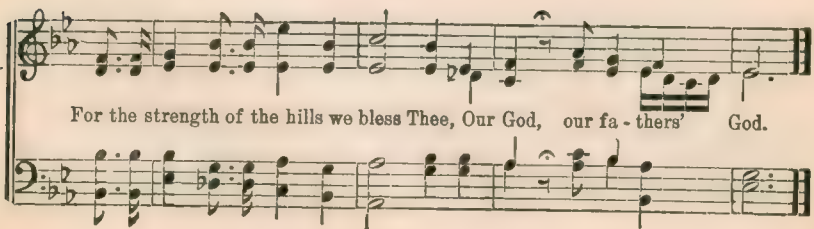
1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-ther's God;  
2. At the hands of foul op-press-ors, We've borne and suf-fered long;  
3. Thou hast led us here in safe-ty, Where the mountain bulwark stands,  
4. For the shad-ow of Thy pres-ence, Our camp of rock o'er-spread;



Thou hast made Thy chil-dren might-y, By the touch of the mountain sod;  
Thou hast been our help in weak-ness, And Thy pow'r hath made us strong;  
As the guar-dian of the loved ones Thou hast brought from ma-ny lands;  
For the can-yon's rug-ged de-files, And the beet-ling crags o'er-head;



Thou hast led Thy cho-sen Is-ra-el To free-dom's last a-bode—  
Mid ruth-less foes, out-num-bered, In wear-i-ness we trod;  
For the rock and for the riv-er, The val-ley's fer-tile sod;  
For the snows and for the tor-rents, And for our bur-ial sod;



For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.



# No. 41. We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.

W. FOWLER.

MRS. NORTON.

1. We thank Thee, O God, for a Proph - et, To guide us in  
 2. When dark clouds of troub-le hang o'er us And threat-en our  
 3. We'll sing of His good-ness and mer - cy, We'll praise Him by

these lat - ter days; We thank Thee for send - ing the Gos - pel  
 peace to de-stroy, There is hope smil-ing bright - ly be-fore us,  
 day and by night, Re - joice in His glo - ri - ous Gos - pel,

To light - en our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for ev - er - y  
 And we know that de - liv - rance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His  
 And bask in its life - giv - ing light; Thus on to e - ter - nal per -

bles - sing Be - stowed by Thy boun - te - ous hand; We  
 good - ness, We've proved Him in days that are past; The  
 fec - tion The hon - est and faith - ful will go, While

feel it a pleas - ure to serve Thee, And love to o - bey Thy command.  
 wick - ed who fight a - gainst Zi - on, Will sure - ly be smit - ten at last.  
 they who re - ject this glad mes - sage, Shall nev - er such hap - pi - ness know.

No. 42.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be from sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 43. Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him, a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 44.

O Say, What is Truth?

JOHN JAQUES.

1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fair - est gem That the  
 2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the bright - est price To which  
 3. The scepter may fall from the des - pot's grasp, When with  
 4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first, For the

rich - es of worlds can pro - duce; And price - less the val - ue of  
 mor - tals or Gods can a - spire: Go search in the depths where it  
 wind of stern jus - tice he copes, But the pil - lar of truth will en -  
 lim - its of time it steps o'er: Tho' the heav - ens de - part, and the

truth will be when The proud mon - arch's cost - li - est  
 glit - ter - ing lies, Or as - cend in pur - suit to the  
 dure to the last, And its firm - root - ed bul - warks out -  
 earth's foun - tains burst, Truth, the sum of ex - ist - ence, will

di - a - dem Is count - ed but dross and ref - use.  
 loft - iest skies; 'Tis an aim for the no - blest de - sire.  
 stand the rude blast, And the wreck of the fell ty - rant's hopes.  
 weath - er be worst, E - ter - nal, un - changed, ev - er - more.

No. 45.

Now Let Us Rejoice.

(Transposed.)

W. W. PHELPS.

1. Now let us re-joice in the day of sal-va-tion, No lon-ger as  
 2. We'll love one an-oth-er, and nev-er dis-sem-ble, But cease to do  
 3. In faith we'll re-ly on the arm of Je-ho-vah To guide thro' these

stran-gers on earth need we roam, Good ti-dings are sound-ing to  
 e-vil, and ev-er be one; And when the un-god-ly are  
 last days of troub-le and gloom, And, aft-er the scour-ges and

us and each na-tion, And short-ly the hour of re-demp-tion will come;  
 fear-ing and trem-ble, We'll watch for the day when the Sav-iour will come;  
 har-vest are o-ver, We'll rise with the just when the Sav-iour doth come.

When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-  
 When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-  
 Then all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And they will be

## Now Let Us Rejoice.

lest them from morn un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the  
 lest them from morn un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the  
 crowned with the an - gels of heav'n, And earth will ap - pear as the

gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.  
 gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.  
 gar - den of E - den, And Christ and His peo - ple will ev - er be one.

## No. 46. Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ous sound;

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.  
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'-ling thro' this wil - der-ness.  
 Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found.

No. 47.

Come, Let Us Anew.

Wesley Collection.

(Transposed.)

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll  
 2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides  
 3. O that each in the day of His com - ing may say, "I have

round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.  
 swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay.  
 fought my way thro' - I have fin - ished the work Thou didst give me to do."

His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our  
 7 The ar - row is flown, 7 the mo - ments are gone, The Mil -  
 O that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word: "Well and

tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of  
 len - ni - al year Press - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's  
 faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my

## Come, Let Us Anew.

love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.  
 here, Press - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.  
 throne," "En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne."

## No. 48. High on the Mountain Top.

J. H. JOHNSON.

E. BRESLEY.

1. High on the moun - tain top A ban - ner is un - furled; Ye  
 2. For God re - mem - bers still His prom - ise made of old, That  
 3. His house shall there be reared, His glo - ry to dis - play; And  
 4. For there we shall be taught The law that will go forth, With

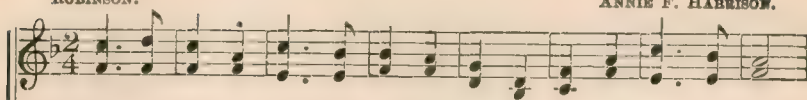
na - tions, now look up; It waves to all the world; In Des - er - et's sweet  
 He on Zi - on's hill Truth's standard would unfold! Her light should there at -  
 peo - ple shall be heard In dis - tant lands to say, We'll now go up and  
 truth and wisdom fraught, To govern all the earth; For - ev - er there His

peace - ful land—On Zi - on's mount be - hold it stand.  
 tract the gaze Of all the world in lat - ter days.  
 serve the Lord, O - bey His truth, and learn His word.  
 ways we'll tread, And save our - selves with all our dead.

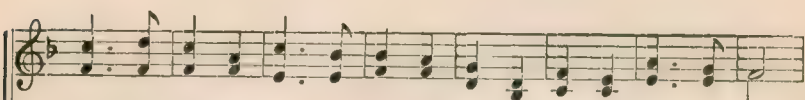
# No. 49. Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah.

ROBINSON.

ANNIE F. HARRISON.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Lead us to the prom - ised land,
2. O - pen, Je - sus, Zi - on's foun-tains, Let her rich - est bless - ings come,
3. When the earth be - gins to trem - ble, Bid our fear - ful tho'ts be still;



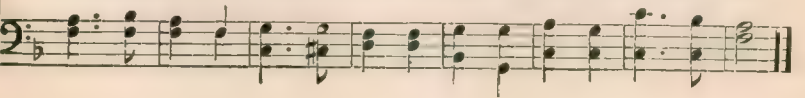
We are weak, but Thou art a - ble—Hold us with Thy pow'r - ful hand.  
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Guard us to this ho - ly home.  
When Thy judgments spread de - struc - tion, Keep us safe on Zi - on's hill.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - iour comes.  
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!  
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - iour comes.  
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!  
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.

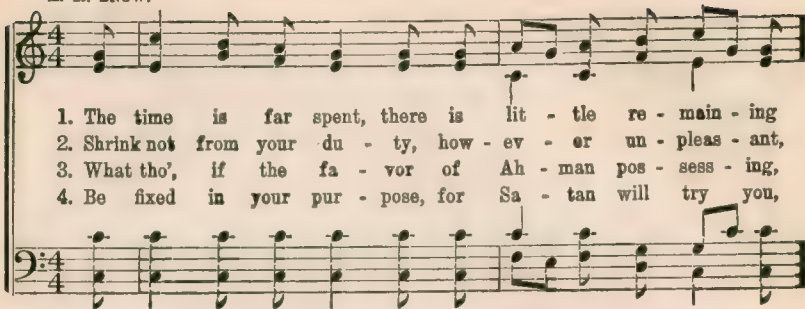




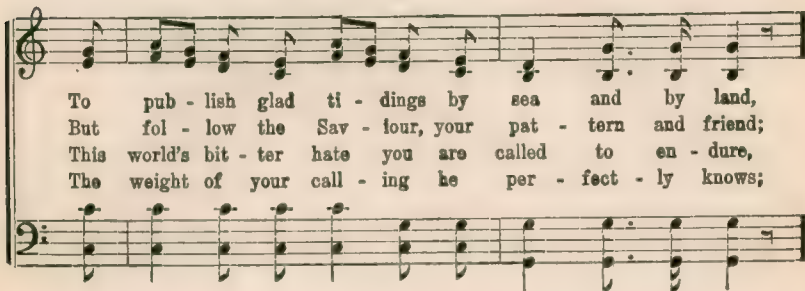
No. 50.

The Time is Far Spent.

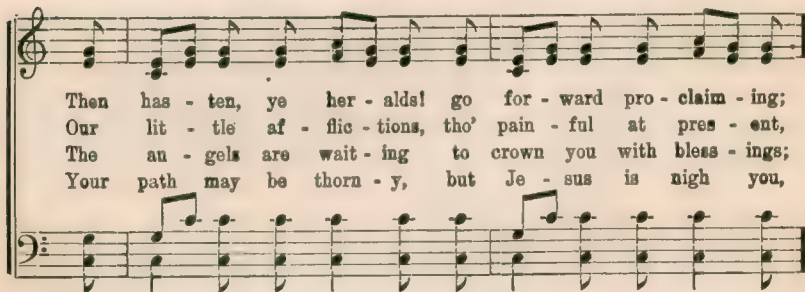
E. R. SNOW.



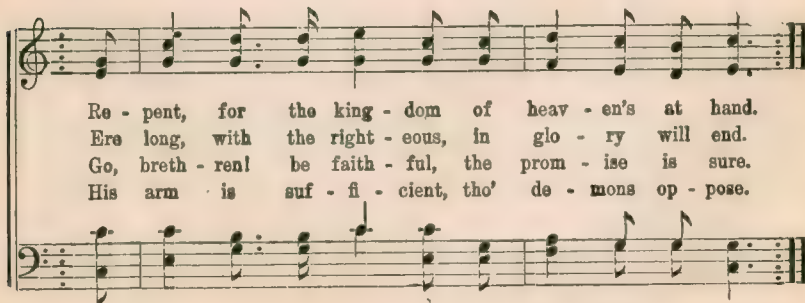
1. The time is far spent, there is lit - tle re - main - ing  
 2. Shrink not from your du - ty, how - ev - er un - pleas - ant,  
 3. What tho', if the fa - vor of Ah - man pos - sess - ing,  
 4. Be fixed in your pur - pose, for Sa - tan will try you,



To pub - lish glad ti - dings by sea and by land,  
 But fol - low the Sav - our, your pat - tern and friend;  
 This world's bit - ter hate you are called to en - dure,  
 The weight of your call - ing he per - fect - ly knows;



Then has - ten, ye her - alds! go for - ward pro - claim - ing;  
 Our lit - tle af - fic - tions, tho' pain - ful at pres - ent,  
 The au - gels are wait - ing to crown you with bless - ings;  
 Your path may be thorn - y, but Je - sus is nigh you,



Re - pent, for the king - dom of heav - en's at hand.  
 Ere long, with the right - eous, in glo - ry will end.  
 Go, breth - ren! be faith - ful, the prom - ise is sure.  
 His arm is suf - fi - cient, tho' de - mons op - pose.

## No. 51.

## Let Us All Press On.

E. S.

(Transposed.)

E. STEPHENS.

*Allegretto marcato.*

1. Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when life is . . .  
 3. We will not re-treat, tho' our numbers may be few, When compared with the  
 3. If we do what's right we have no . . . need to fear, For the Lord, our . .

o'er we may gain a re-ward; In the fight for right let us wield a . . . sword,  
 op - po - site host in . . . view; But an un - seen pow - er will aid me and you  
 help - er will ev - er be near; In the days of tri - al His saints He will cheer,

## CHORUS.

The might - y sword of truth. Fear not, tho' the en - e - my de -  
 In the glo - ri - ous cause of truth.  
 And pros - per the cause of truth. Fear not, courage,

ride, Cour - age, for the Lord is on our side; We will heed not what the

wick - ed may say, But the Lord a - lone we will o - bey. (we will o - bey.)

# No. 52. Improve the Shining Moments.

R. B. B.

R. B. BAIRD.

1. Im - prove the shin - ing mo - ments, Don't let them pass you by;  
 2. Time flies on wings of light - ning, We can - not call it back;  
 3. As win - ter time doth fol - low The pleas - ant sum - mer days,  
 4. Im - prove each shin - ing mo - ment; In this you are se - cure,

Work while the sun is ra - dant; Work, for the night draws nigh.  
 It comes, then pass - es for - ward A - long its on - ward track;  
 So may our joys all van - ish, And pass far from our gaze.  
 For prompt-ness bring - eth safe - ty, And bless - ings rich and pure.

We can - not bid the sun - beams To length - en out their stay;  
 And if we are not mind - ful, The chance will fade a - way;  
 Then should we not en - deav - or Each day some point to gain,  
 Let pru - dence guide your ac - tions, Be hon - est in your heart,

Nor can we ask the shad - ow To ev - er stay a - way.  
 For life is quick in pass - ing— 'Tis as a sin - gle day.  
 That we may here be use - ful, And ev - 'ry wrong dis - dain.  
 And God will love and bless you, And help to you im - part.

No. 53.

Parting Hymn.

GEO. MANWARING.

E. BEESLEY.

*mf*

1. Sing we now at part - ing, One more strain of praise;  
 2. Praise Him for His mer - cy, Praise Him for His love;  
 3. Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Now our prais - es hear;

To our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Sweet - est songs we'll raise.  
 For un - num - bered bless - ings Praise the Lord a - bove.  
 While we bow be - fore Thee, Lend a list - 'ning ear.

*p*

For His lov - ing kind - ness, For His ten - der care,  
 Let our hap - py voi - ces Still the notes pro - long;  
 Save us, Lord, from er - ror, Watch us day by day,

*f*

Let our songs of glad - ness Rend this Sab - bath air.  
 One a - lone is wor - thy Of our sweet - est song.  
 Help us now to serve Thee In a pleas - ing way.

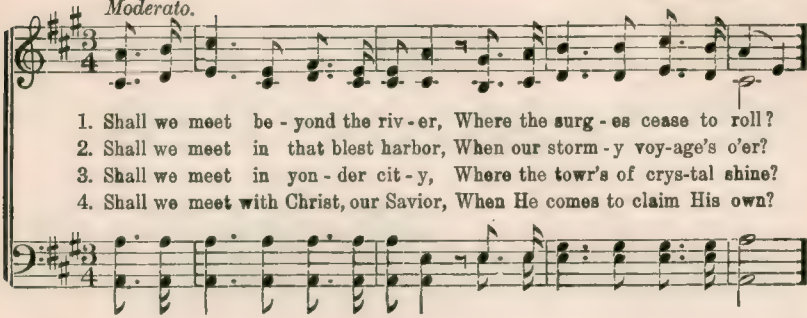
# GENERAL HYMNS.

No. 54.

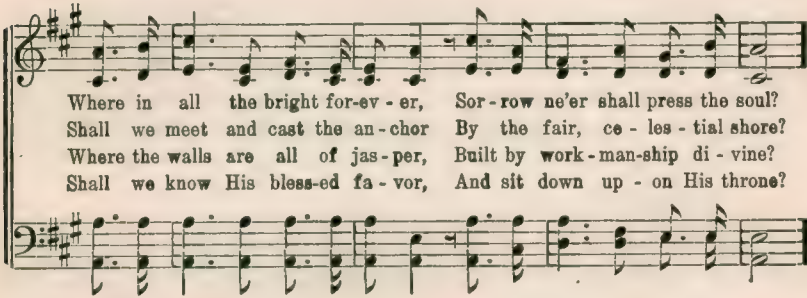
## Shall We Meet?

ELIHU S. RICE.

*Moderato.*



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?  
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voy - age's o'er?  
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?  
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

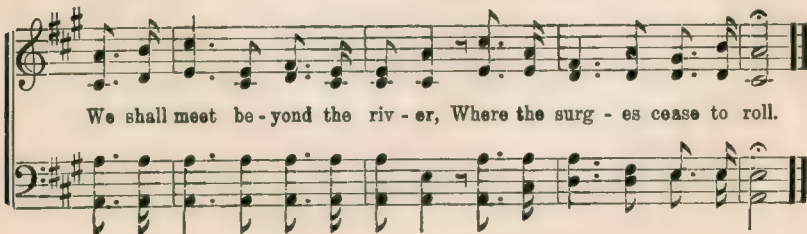


Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?  
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?  
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.



We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet be - yond the riv - er;

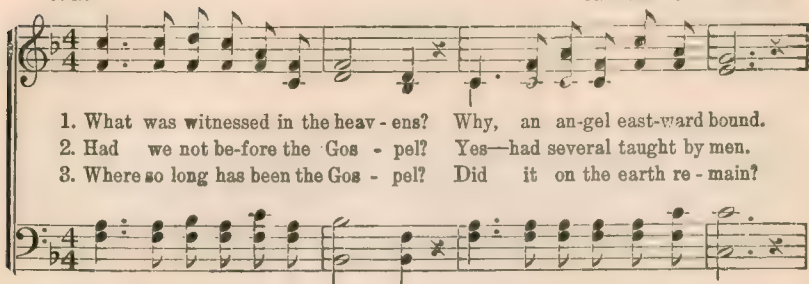


We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll.

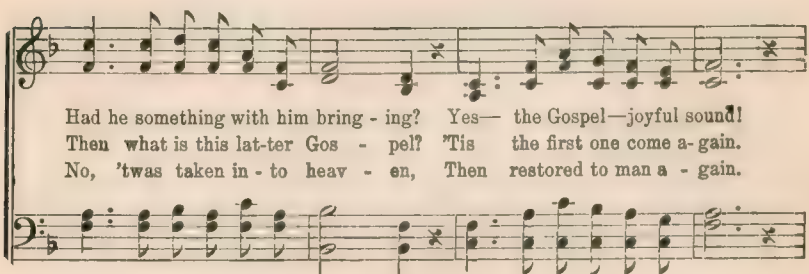
## No. 55. What Was Witnessed in the Heavens?

J. D.

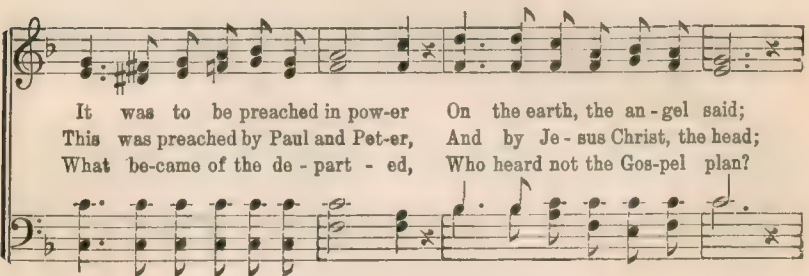
CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



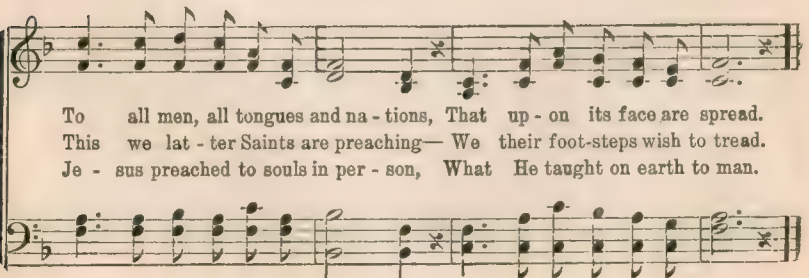
1. What was witnessed in the heav - ens? Why, an an - gel east - ward bound.  
 2. Had we not be - fore the Gos - pel? Yes—had several taught by men.  
 3. Where so long has been the Gos - pel? Did it on the earth re - main?



Had he something with him bring - ing? Yes— the Gos - pel—joyful sound!  
 Then what is this lat - ter Gos - pel? 'Tis the first one come a - gain.  
 No, 'twas taken in - to heav - en, Then restored to man a - gain.



It was to be preached in pow - er On the earth, the an - gel said;  
 This was preached by Paul and Pet - er, And by Je - sus Christ, the head;  
 What be - came of the de - part - ed, Who heard not the Gos - pel plan?



To all men, all tongues and na - tions, That up - on its face are spread.  
 This we lat - ter Saints are preaching— We their foot - steps wish to tread.  
 Je - sus preached to souls in per - son, What He taught on earth to man.

No. 56.

Come, Dearest Lord.

(Transposed.)

E. STEPHENS.

WATTS.

*p*

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell, By  
 2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make  
 3. Now to the God, whose power can do More

faith and love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we  
 our en - larg - ing souls pos - sess And learn the  
 than our thoughts or wish - es know, Be ev - er -

know, and taste, and feel The joys that can - not  
 height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un -  
 last - ing hon - or done, By all the Church, thro'

be ex - pressed, The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.  
 meas - ured grace, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace.  
 Christ, His Son, By all the Church, thro' Christ, His Son.

No. 57.

Abide With Me.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!  
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!  
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 58.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,



## Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

The first system of musical notation for the song, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Chart and com- pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
Chart and com- pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

### No. 59.

### Still, Still With Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

R. SCHUMANN.

1. Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be;  
2. With Thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care,  
3. With Thee when day is done, And even - ing calms the mind;

The first system of musical notation for the second song. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.  
Each day re - turn - ing I be - gin, With Thee, my God, in prayer.  
The set - ting, as the ris - ing sun, With Thee, my heart would find.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

No. 60.

Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee.

J. L. TOWNSHEND.

WILLIAM CLAYSON.

1. Near-er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;  
 2. Near-er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;  
 3. Near-er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;  
 4. Near-er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;

Ev - er I'm striv - ing to be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!  
 Proved by my tri - als I'll be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!  
 Ev - er my an - them will be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!  
 Let me [by ho - li - ness be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!

Trust - ing, in Thee I con - fide, Hop - ing, in Thee I a - bide—  
 Hum - bly I come to Thee now, Ear - nest, I pray'r - ful - ly bow—  
 Lov - ing Thee, ev - er I pray, Aid me Thy will to o - bey—  
 When all my tri - als are done, When my re - ward I have won,

Take, O take and cher - ish me, Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee!

No. 61.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. WESLEY.

J. P. HOLBROOK. Arr.

*Soprano and Alto.*

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child;  
 3. Je - sus, Friend and Help - er mine, Hast Thou made me tru - ly Thine?

While the bil - lows rear me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline;  
 By the path Thy feet have trod, Lead me dai - ly near - er God.

CHORUS.

Hide me, O my Sav - lor, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou dost bid the sin - ner live—  
 Hear, O hear my ten - der prayer; Let me His own im - age bear;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Guide the wan - d'r'er day by day, In the straight and nar - row way.  
 Let me love Him more and more, Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

## No. 62.

## The Morning Light.

SAMUEL SMITH.

GEO. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are  
2. See heathen na-tions bend-ing Before the God of love, And thousand hearts as-  
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pursue thy onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry

wak - ing To pen-i-tential tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings  
cend - ing In grat-i-tude a-bove; While sin-ners, now re-pent - ing, The gospel's  
na - tion, Nor in thy richness stay. Stay not till all the low - ly, Tri-umph-ant

from a - far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zion's war.  
call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's bless-ing, A na-tion in a day.  
reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

## No. 63.

## Come, Said Jesus.

A. L. BARBAULD.

Old Tune.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;  
2. Thou, who homeless, sole, for - lorn, Long hast born the proud world's scorn,  
3. Ye who tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain,  
4. Sin - ners, come, for here is found Balm that flows from ev - 'ry wound—

## Come, Said Jesus.

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.  
 Long hast roam'd the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.  
 Ye whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morn - ing rise.  
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

## No. 64.            O Worship the King.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly  
 2. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
 3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -  
 trust, nor find Thee to fall; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how

An - cient of days, Pa - vill - ion'd in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

## No. 65. Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the ev'n - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The  
 2. The old man meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael slept, His  
 3. Oh, give me Sam - uel's ear—The o - pen ear, O Lord! A-

lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den  
 watch the tem - ple child, The lit - tle Lev - ite kept, And what from  
 live and quick to hear Each whis - per of Thy word; Like him to

ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.  
 E - li's sense was sealed The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed.  
 an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.

## No. 66. The Rising Sun.

L. BACON.

JUDETH KEYSOR.

1. The rising sun has chased the night, And brought again the cheer - ing light;  
 2. We laid us down and sweetly slept; The Lord our souls in safe - ty kept;  
 3. We know not what His will ordains, But 'tis our joy that Je - sus reigns;

## The Rising Sun.

This mer-cy mul-ti-plies our days, And calls us to re-new our praise.  
 We wake, His goodness to pro-claim, And sing new hon-ors to His name.  
 Tho' dangers, snares and foes a-bound, E-ter-nal arms will us sur-round.

No. 67.

## My Friend.

L. LULA G. RICHARDS.

LUCY MAY GREEN.

1. My Friend, I look to Thee most kind and true, To shield and com-fort  
 2. I have no pow'r to fill life's great de-sign, Save as I learn Thy  
 3. Sure is Thy prom-ise true to all who hear, And Thou wilt guide my

me life's jour-ney thro' Dark-ness and death extend with wild in-crease,  
 will and make it mine, Help me to un-der-stand Thy faint-est call;  
 feet I have no fear, So all life's jonr-ney thro' un-til the end,

And still with Thee, my Friend, is perfect peace, Is per-fect peace.  
 Let me but touch Thy hand, I shall not fall, I shall not fall.  
 I'll trust Thy love most true, my per-fect] Friend, My per-fect Friend.

No. 68.

An Angel from on High.\*

*Andante.*

(Transposed.)

J. TULLIDGE.

1. An an - gel from on high The long, long si - lence broke; De -  
 2. Seal'd by Mo - ro - ni's hand, It has for a - ges lain, To  
 3. It speaks of Jo - seph's seed, And makes the rem - nant known Of

scend - ing from the sky, These gra - cious words he spoke:  
 wait the Lord's com - mand, From dust to speak a - gain.  
 na - tions long since dead, Who once had dwelt a - lone.

CHORUS.

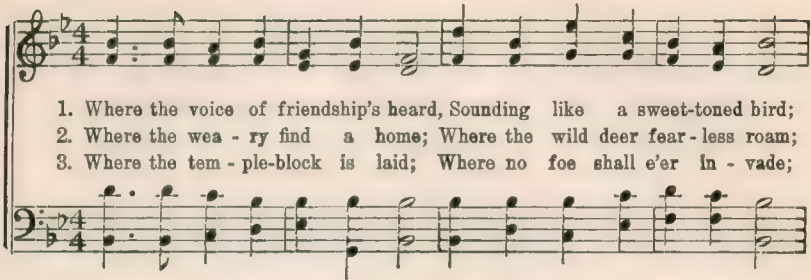
Lol in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill, A sa - cred rec - ord lies conceal'd.  
 It shall a - gain to light come forth, To usher in Christ's reign on earth.  
 The ful - ness of the Gos - pel, too, Its pa - ges will re - veal to view.

Lol in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill, A sa - cred re - cord lies con - ceal'd.  
 It shall again to light come forth, To usher in Christ's reign on earth.  
 The ful - ness of the Gospel, too, Its pa - ges will re - veal to view.

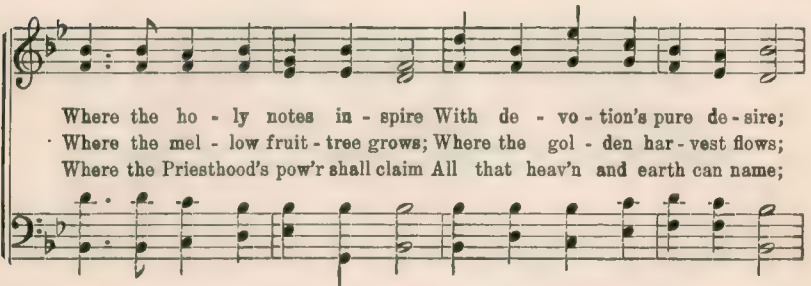
\* If sung by choir, sing first part as duet.



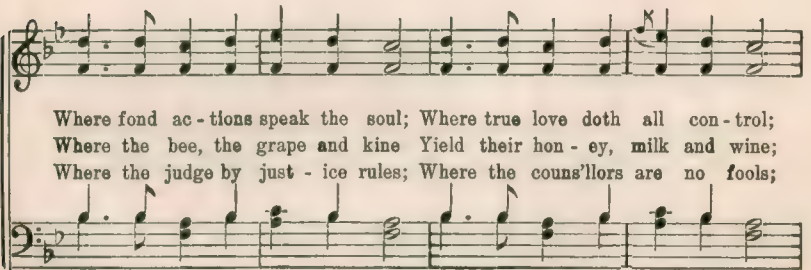
## No. 69. Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard.



1. Where the voice of friendship's heard, Sounding like a sweet-toned bird;  
 2. Where the wea - ry find a home; Where the wild deer fear-less roam;  
 3. Where the tem - ple-block is laid; Where no foe shall e'er in - vade;



Where the ho - ly notes in - spire With de - vo - tion's pure de - sire;  
 Where the mel - low fruit - tree grows; Where the gol - den har - vest flows;  
 Where the Priesthood's pow'r shall claim All that heav'n and earth can name;



Where fond ac - tions speak the soul; Where true love doth all con - trol;  
 Where the bee, the grape and kine Yield their hon - ey, milk and wine;  
 Where the judge by just - ice rules; Where the couns'llors are no fools;

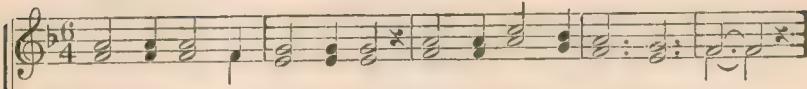


Where the sons of God a - gree, There may all the faith - ful be.  
 Where the curse from earth shall flee, There may all the faith - ful be.  
 Where the poor shall judg - ment see, There may all the faith - ful be.

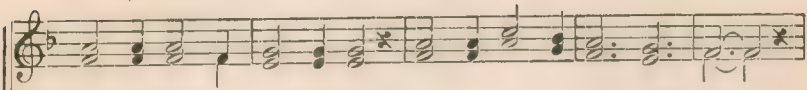
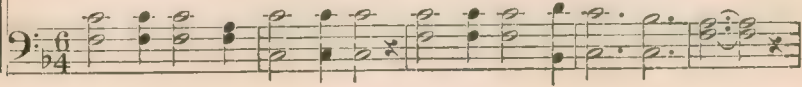
# No. 70. Who Are These Arrayed in White?

DE COURCY.

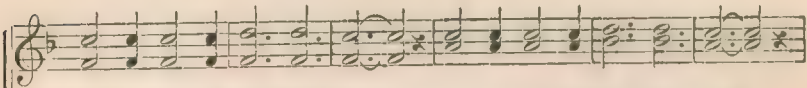
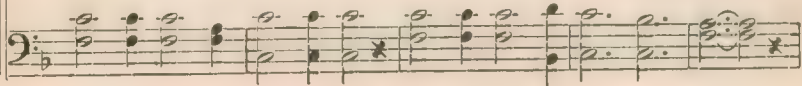
S. B. MARSH.



1. Who are these ar - rayed in white, Bright - er than the noon - day sun,
2. More than con - quer - ors at last, Here they find their tri - als o'er;
3. He that on the throne doth reign, His own flock shall al - ways feed,



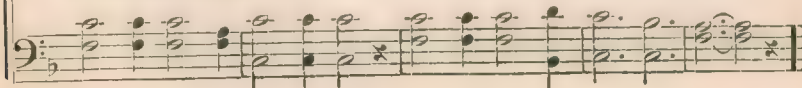
Fore-most of the sons of light, Near - est the e - ter - nal throne?  
They have all their suff'rings past, Hun - ger now and thirst no more;  
With the tree of life sus-tain, To the liv - ing foun - tains lead;



These are they that bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas - ter stood,  
No ex - ces - sive heat they feel From the sun's di - rect - er ray,  
He shall all their sor - rows chase, All their fears at once re - move,



Suf - frers in His righteous cause, Fol - lowers of the liv - ing God.  
In a mild - er clime they dwell—Re - gion of e - ter - nal day.  
Wipe the tears from ev - 'ry face, Fill up ev - 'ry soul with love.



No. 71.

God Speed the Right.

W. G. HICKSON.

*f* *mf*

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right;  
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;  
 3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;

*f* *mf*

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.  
 Ne'er des - pair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.  
 Ne'er th' e - vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.

*f*

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on  
 Like the great and good in sto - ry, if we fail, we  
 Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's good

*ff*

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

# No. 72. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

MEDLEY.

L. D. EDWARDS.

*Largo.*

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives; When comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
 2. He lives to grant me rich sup - ply, He lives to guide me with His eye,  
 3. He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend, He lives, and loves me to the end,  
 4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je - sus, still the same;

*Accomp.*

He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er liv - ing head.  
 He lives to comfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint.  
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives."

*Soprano.*

*Alto.*  
 He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,  
 He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a - way my tears,  
 He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death,  
 He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je-sus, still the same;

*Tenor.*

*Bass.*

He lives my hungry soul to feed, He lives to bless in time of need.  
 He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives, all blessings to im - part.  
 He lives, my mansion to pre - pare, He lives, to bring me safe-ly there.  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!"

No. 73.

God Bless Our Mountain Home.

E. S.

E. STEPHENS.

*Duet.*

1. O hap - py home a - mong the hills, Where flow a thou - sand crys - tal  
 2. Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air, The val - leys turn with beau - ties  
 3. May no in - trud - ing hos - tile band, E'er des - e - crate our beauteous

rills; Sur - round - ed by grand mountains high, Whose snow - clad summits reach the  
 rare; And flow - ers deck the hills and plains, Re - fresh - ed by springs and autumn  
 land; Nor war's a - larms dis - turb the rest And peace with which our homes are

sky; My heart en - rap - tured with the sight, Cries to the heavens with delight.  
 rains; Each nook contains a cit - y fair, Filled with warm hearts who breathe a prayer.  
 blest, While gen - er - a - tions swell the throng Of hap - py hearts to sing the song.

CHORUS.

God bless . . . . . our moun - tain home, God bless our moun - tain home.  
 God bless and guard our moun - tain home,

# No. 74. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. KOECHAT. Arr.

*Lento.*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I  
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since  
 3. In the midst of af - fic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With

feed in green pastures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my  
 Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -  
 blessings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -  
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my  
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy

deems when oppressed; Restores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.  
 Com - fort - er near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near,  
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?

No. 75.

Nay, Speak No Ill.



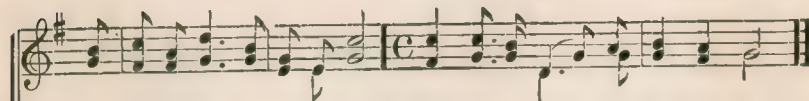
1. Nay, speak no ill, a kind-ly word Can nev-er leave a sting be-hind;
2. Give me the heart that fain would hide—Would fain another's faults ef - face:
3. Then speak no ill, but le-nient be To oth-er's fail - ings as your own;



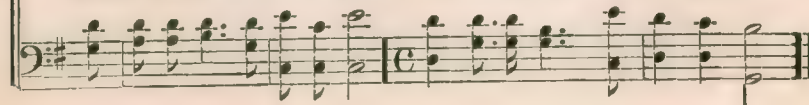
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard, Is far be-neath a no - ble mind.  
 How can it please the hu-man pride To prove hu-man - i - ty but base?  
 If you're the first a fault to see, Be not the first to make it known.



Full oft a bet-ter seed is sown By choosing thus the kind - er plan,  
 No, let us reach a higher mood—A no - bler es - ti-mate of man,  
 For life is but a passing day, No lip may tell how brief its span;



For, if but lit-tle good is known, Still let us speak the best we can.  
 Be earnest in the search for good, And speak of all the best we can.  
 Then, O the lit-tle time we stay, Let's speak of all the best we can.



No. 76.

Jesus, My Savior.

C. E. L.

Arr. by C. E. LESLIE.

*With expression.*

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy gen - tle voice; Teach me to  
2. Sweet - ly the Sav - ior Whis - pers to the lov - ing heart Words of sweet

love Thee, Let my heart re - joice. I have strayed far from Thee,  
com - fort, That will ne'er de - part. Faith will bring the bless - ing,

Yet my soul would near Thee be, Near - er to my Sav - ior,  
Faith will strength - en ev - 'ry pray'r; Come to Him in suf - fring,

*rit.* *p* CHORUS,

Near - er, Lord, to Thee. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy  
Come to Him in pray'r.

*p* *Alto sing small notes above Soprano.*  
*rit. dim.*

gen - tle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice.



# No. 77. When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

WM. CLAYTON.

*mf*

1. When first the glo-ri-ous light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How  
 2. How ma-ny on Mis-sou-ri's plains Were left in death's embrace,—Pure,  
 3. And in Nau-voe, the cit-y where The Tem-ple cheered the brave, Hun-

few there were with heart and soul T' o-bey it did en-gage; Yet of those  
 hon-est hearts, too good to live In such a wick-ed place; And are they  
 dreds of faithful Saints have found A cold, yet peace-ful grave; And there they

few how ma-ny Have passed from earth a-way, And in their graves are  
 left in sor-row And doubt to pine a-way, Oh, no; in peace they're  
 now are sleep-ing Be-neath thesi-lent clay; But soon they'll share the

*p*

sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day! Till the res-ur-rec-tion  
 sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day! Till the res-ur-rec-tion  
 glo-ries Of a res-ur-rec-tion day! Of a res-ur-rec-tion

*mf* *p*

day! And in their graves are sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day!  
 day! Oh, no; in peace they're sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day!  
 day! But soon they'll share the glo-ries Of a res-ur-rec-tion day!

No. 78.

O Happy Home.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. O hap - py home! O blest a - bode! Where saints com - mun - ion  
 2. In Bab - y - lon I loathe to stay; Dire are the e - vils  
 3. No love but heav'n's would I re - ceive—No oth - er doc - trines

hold with God, With - out a doubt or fear; When shall I reach thy  
 day by day With - in her pre - cincts dark. Truth's brighter rays ex -  
 e'er be - lieve, Than those by Je - sus taught. I'd trace the path His

fer - tile plains, As - cend the mount where virtue gains A more ex - alt - ed  
 pose the night, Each hon - est mind receives the light, And presses to the  
 foot - steps trod, The on - ly way that leads to God; All oth - er ways are

*After last verse.*

sphere?... A more ex - alt - ed sphere?  
 mark, ..... And press - es to the mark.  
 naught, .... All oth - er ways are naught. A - men.

No. 79. Now a Galm and Peaceful Sleep.

*Slow.*

1. Now a calm and peace - ful sleep Spreads o'er all the glass - y deep;  
 2. So the earth shall find re - pose From op - pres - sion and from woes,

## Now a Galm and Peaceful Sleep.

In the az - ure lake se - rene Like an - oth - er heav'n is seen.  
And an im - aged heav'n ap - pear On our world of dark - ness here.

## No. 80. We Thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

L. LULA GREEN RICHARDS.

LUCY MAY GREEN.

*Moderato.*

1. We thank Thee, heav'nly Fa - ther, For sa - cred, ho - ly ground,  
2. We thank Thee for the tem - ples, Where - in Thy peo - ple throng,  
3. We thank Thee for the spread - ing Of gos - pel truths a - broad,

Where bless - ings of the gos - pel And pre - cious gifts a - bound;  
For friend - ship, love and u - nion, Which makes us glad and strong;  
The light of which shall van - quish All ig - no - rance and fraud,

For true and loy - al peo - ple, Whom Thou hast plant - ed here,  
For dreams and in - spi - ra - tion, For rec - ords of our dead,  
That all who will may gath - er, Re - joic - ing in Thy grace,

From con - ti - nents and is - lands, All na - tions far and near.  
And faith to help re - deem them, As by Thy Spir - it led.  
And stand in ho - ly pla - ces, Pre - pared to see Thy face.

# No. 81.

# Rest for the Weary Soul.

H. W. NAISBITT.

GEO. CARELESS.

1. Rest, rest, for the wea - ry soul, Rest, rest, for the ach - ing head,  
 2. Rest, rest, for the bat - tle's o'er, Rest, rest, for the race is run,  
 3. Peace, peace, where no strife intrudes, Peace, peace, where no quarrels come,

Rest, rest, on the hill - side, rest With the great un - count - ed dead.  
 Rest, rest, where the gates are closed With each evening's set - ing sun.  
 Peace, peace, for the end is there Of our wild life's bus - y hum.

4. Peace, peace, the op - pressed are free, Rest, rest, oh, ye wea - ry, rest;  
 5. Peace, peace, there is mu - sic's sound, Peace, peace, till the ris - ing sun

For the an - gels guard those well Who sleep on their moth - er's breast.  
 Of the res - ur - rec - tion morn Pro - claims life's vic - t'ry won.

# No. 82.

# Silent Night.

Anonymous.

1. Si - lent night, peace - ful night! All things sleep, shep - herds keep  
 2. Bright the star shines a - far, Guid - ing trav - lers on their way,  
 3. Light a - round! joy - ous sound! An - gel voic - es wake the air;

## Silent Night.

Watch on Bethlehem's si - lent hill, And un - seen, while all is still,  
Who their gold and in - cense bring, Of - frings to the prom - ised King,  
"Glo - ry be to God in heav'n, Peace on earth to you is giv'n,

An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.  
Child of Da - vid's line, Child of Da - vid's line.  
Christ the Sav - ior's come, Christ the Sav - ior's come."

## No. 83. God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

COWPER.

Arranged by E. D. MANN.

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His won - ders to per - form;  
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,  
3. Ye fear - ful Saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread  
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace,

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
He treasures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.  
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence, He hides a smil - ing face.

No. 84.

Rock of My Refuge.

TRIO or CHORUS.

ART. GATES.

1. As swift - ly my days go out on the wing, As on - ward my bark drifts  
 2. Dark sor - row may come with ma - ny a sting, Stern tri - als in life, my  
 3. Till an - gels of light my summons shall bring, Till up - ward with joy my

o - ver the sea, O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing, The  
 por - tion may be; O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing, The  
 spir - it shall flee; O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing, The

rock of my ref - uge is Thee, The rock of my ref - uge is

Thee. Rock of my ref - uge so sure,.... Rock of my

ref - uge so strong;..... O hide me there - in From

## Rock of My Refuge.

dan - ger and sin, While here I am sing - ing my song.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff.

No. 85.

## Take Courage, Saints.

J. CRYSTAL.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Take cour-age, Saints, and faint not by the way, Though storm-clouds  
2. The dark-est hour is just be-fore the dawn, Yet who shall  
3. Let not the heart be sad at tri - als here, But sense how

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff.

thick and fast be hov'-ring nigh: The sun pro-claims the glo - ry  
doubt the fast ap-proach-ing morn? Or when we see the snow-clad  
e'en the Sav - ior suf-fered ill; He bore the cru - el thorn, the

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff.

of the day, Be - hind the clouds as in the cloud-less sky.  
hedge and lawn, Who dares to say that spring will ne'er re - turn?  
gall - ing spear, To glo - ri - fy His Fa-ther's ho - ly will.

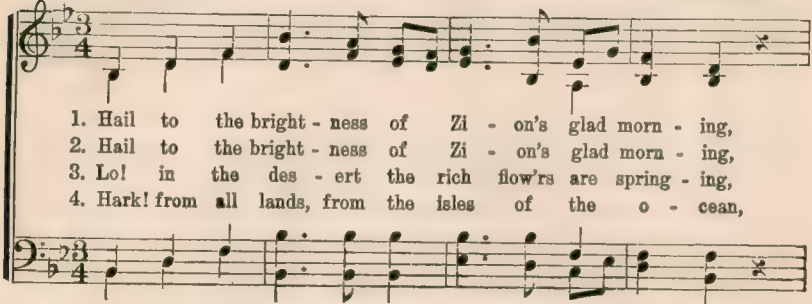
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff.

# No. 86. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

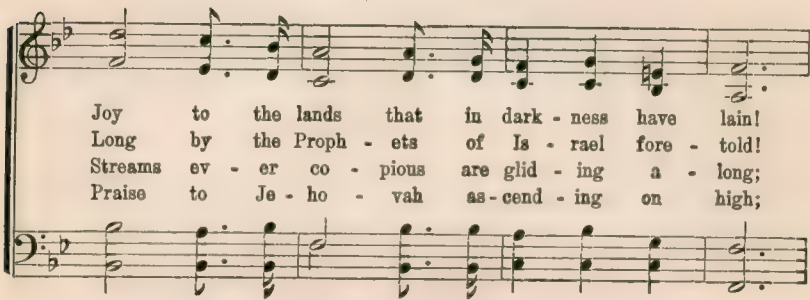
TROS. HASTINGS.

(Transposed.)

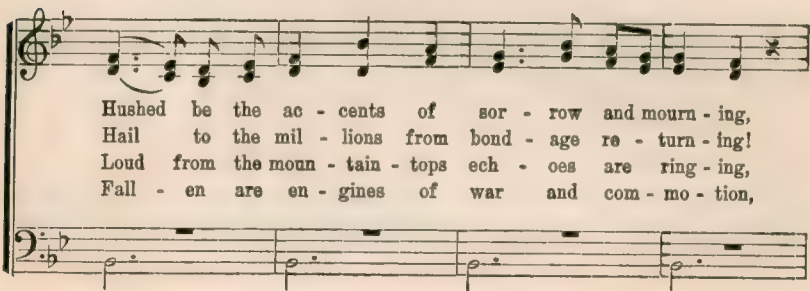
E. F. PARRY.




1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,  
2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,  
3. Lo! in the des - ert the rich flow'rs are spring - ing,  
4. Hark! from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean,



Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!  
Long by the Proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told!  
Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;  
Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;



Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing,  
Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re - turn - ing!  
Loud from the moun - tain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing,  
Fall - en are en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,



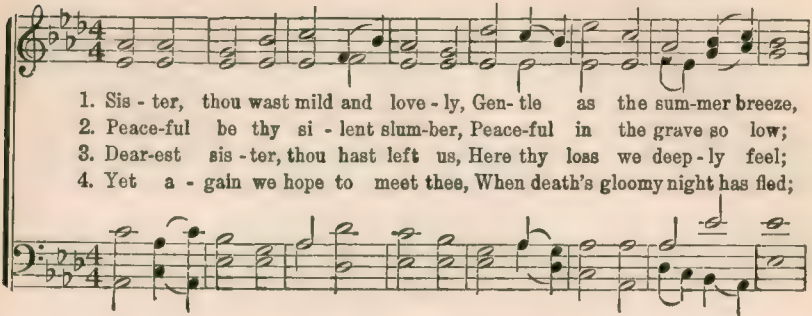
Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.  
Gen - tiles and Jews the glad vi - sion be - hold.  
Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.  
Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the air.



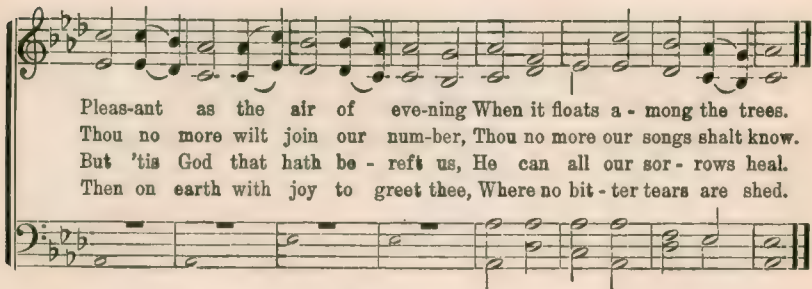
## No. 87. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

S. F. SMITH.

JOHN S. LEWIS.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,  
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low;  
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;  
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When death's gloomy night has fled;



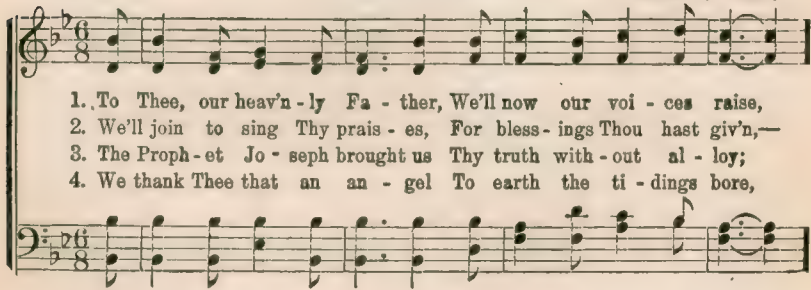
Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning When it floats a - mong the trees.  
Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
But 'tis God that hath be - rept us, He can all our sor - rows heal.  
Then on earth with joy to greet thee, Where no bit - ter tears are shed.

## No. 88. To Thee, O Heavenly Father.

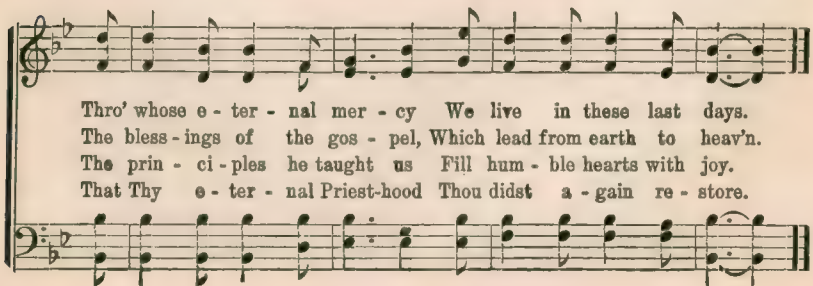
B. N. K.

(A Thanksgiving Hymn.)

EDWIN F. PARRY.



1. To Thee, our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, We'll now our voi - ces raise,  
2. We'll join to sing Thy prais - es, For bless - ings Thou hast giv'n,—  
3. The Proph - et Jo - seph brought us Thy truth with - out al - loy;  
4. We thank Thee that an an - gel To earth the ti - dings bore,



Thro' whose e - ter - nal mer - cy We live in these last days.  
The bless - ings of the gos - pel, Which lead from earth to heav'n.  
The prin - ci - ples he taught us Fill hum - ble hearts with joy.  
That Thy e - ter - nal Priest - hood Thou didst a - gain re - store.

# No. 89. Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

(Solo and Chorus.)

E. BEESLEY.

1. Let us oft speak kind words to each oth - er,..... At  
 2. Like the sun - beams of morn on the moun-tains,... The

home or where'er we may be; Like the warb - lings of  
 soul they a - wake to good cheer; Like the mur - mur of

birds on the heath-er,.... The tones will be welcome and free;  
 cool, pleasant foun-tains, They fall in sweet ca-den - ces near.

They'll glad - den the heart that's re - pin - ing,..... Give  
 Let's oft, then, in kind - ly - toned voi - ces,..... Our

## Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

cour - age and hope from a - bove;      And where the dark clouds hide the  
mu - tu - al friend-ship re - new;      Till heart meets with heart and re-

*rit.*

shin - ing,....      Let in the bright sun - light of love.  
jol - ces,....      In friend-ship that ev - er is true.

### CHORUS.

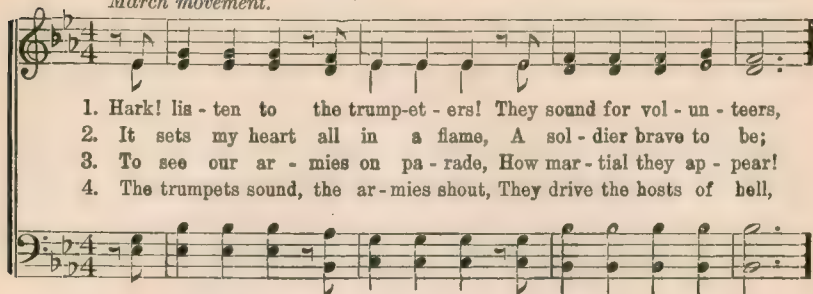
Oh, the kind words we give shall in mem-o-ry live, And sunshine for-ev - er im-

part; Let us oft speak kind words to each other, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

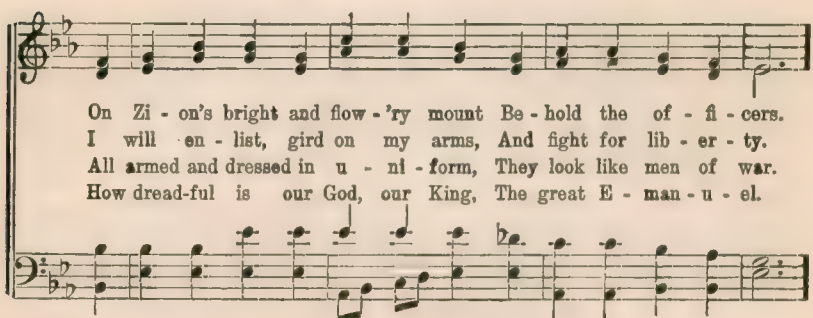
# No. 90. Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

L. D. EDWARDS.

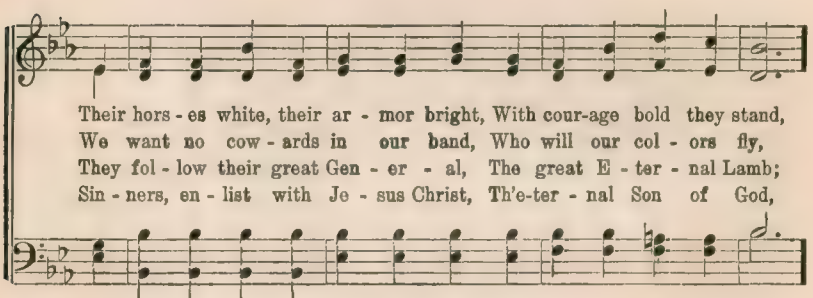
*March movement.*



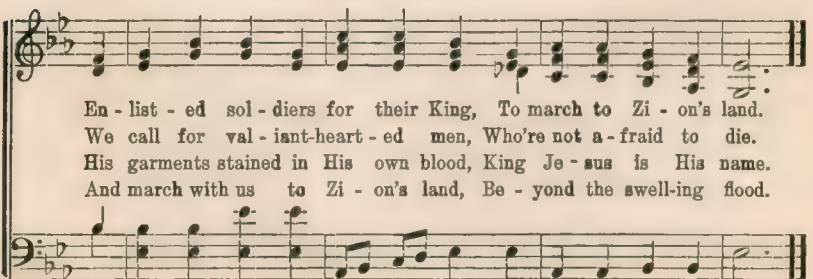
1. Hark! lis - ten to the trump-et - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers,  
2. It sets my heart all in a flame, A sol - dier brave to be;  
3. To see our ar - mies on pa - rade, How mar - tial they ap - pear!  
4. The trumpets sound, the ar - mies shout, They drive the hosts of hell,



On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers.  
I will - en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.  
All armed and dressed in u - ni - form, They look like men of war.  
How dread - ful is our God, our King, The great E - man - u - el.



Their hors - es white, their ar - mor bright, With cour - age bold they stand,  
We want no cow - ards in our band, Who will our col - ors fly,  
They fol - low their great Gen - er - al, The great E - ter - nal Lamb;  
Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ, Th'e - ter - nal Son of God,



En - list - ed sol - diers for their King, To march to Zi - on's land.  
We call for val - iant - heart - ed men, Who're not a - fraid to die.  
His garments stained in His own blood, King Je - sus is His name.  
And march with us to Zi - on's land, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

# No. 91. O Thou Rock of Our Salvation.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

(Transposed.)

WM. CLAYSON.



1. Oh, Thou Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,
2. We a war 'gainst sin are wag - ing, We're con - tend - ing for the right,
3. On - ward, on - ward, we'll be sing - ing, As we're marching firm and true,
4. When for all that we've con - tend - ed, When the fight of faith we've won,



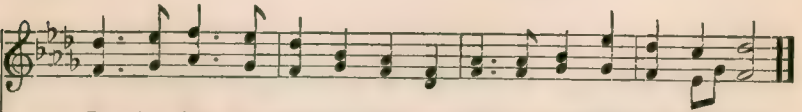
In our poor and low - ly sta - tion We Thy ban - ner have un - furled.  
Ev - 'ry day the bat - tle's rag - ing, Help us, Lord, to win the fight.  
Each suc - ceed - ing bat - tle ring - ing Ear - nest of what we can do.  
When the strife and bat - tle's end - ed, And our la - bor here is done,



## CHORUS.



Gath - er round the stand - ard - bear - er, Gath - er round in strength and youth;  
(After last verse.)  
Then, O Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,



Ev - 'ry day the pro - spect's fair - er, While we're battling for the truth.  
Take us from our low - ly sta - tion, Let our flag with Thee be furled.



No. 92.

Beautiful Words of Love.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. O ho - ly words of truth and love We hear from day to day,  
 2. They're from A-pos-tles good and true, Whose names we all re - vere,  
 3. They're from the Prophets God in-spires, In coun - sels oft with - stood,  
 4. And from each cho - sen one that speaks By aid the Spir - it gives,  
 5. As gems of wis - dom, pure and bright, That glow with lus - trous ray,

Re - vealed to Saints from God a - bove, To guide in heav-en's way.  
 Who dai - ly teach us what to do, In words of love and cheer.  
 Re - prov - ing all our ill de - sires, Com - mend - ing all that's good.  
 For ev - 'ry sphere of life it seeks For ev - 'ry - one that lives.  
 We'll seek to gain these words of light, Their coun - sels to o - bey.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful words of love, ..... Com - ing from God a - bove, .....  
 Beau - ti - ful words, Com - ing from God,

*rit.*  
 How sweet, how dear the words we hear! They're beau - ti - ful words of love.

O What Songs of the Heart.

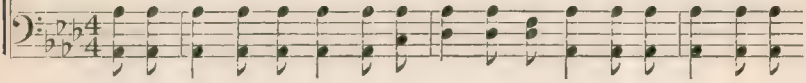
(Transposed.)

J. L. TOWNSEND.

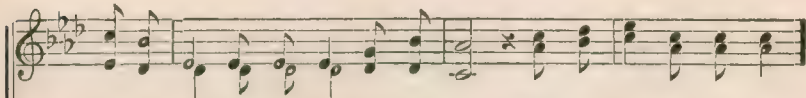
WILLIAM CLAYSON.



1. O what songs of the heart We shall sing all the day, When a-gain we as-
2. Tho' our rap-ture and bliss There's no song can express; We will shout, we will
3. O the vi-sions we'll see In that home of the blest, There's no words, there's no
4. O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of



sem - ble at home; When we meet, ne'er to part, With the blest o'er the way,  
sing o'er and o'er, As we greet with a kiss, And with joy we ca - ress  
tho'ts can im-part, But our rap-ture will be All the soul can at - test  
love are com-plete; As the heart swells with joy In em - bra - ces most dear,



There no more from our loved ones to roam! When we meet ne'er to part,  
All our loved ones that passed on be-fore; As we greet with a kiss,  
In the heav - en - ly songs of the heart; But our rap - ture will be  
When our heav-on - ly Par-ents we meet! As the heart swells with joy,



O what songs of the heart We shall sing in our beau - ti - ful home.  
In our rap - ture and bliss, All our loved ones that passed on be - fore.  
In the vi - sions we'll see Best ex - pressed in the songs of the heart.  
O what songs we'll em - ploy, When our heav - en - ly Par - ents we meet.

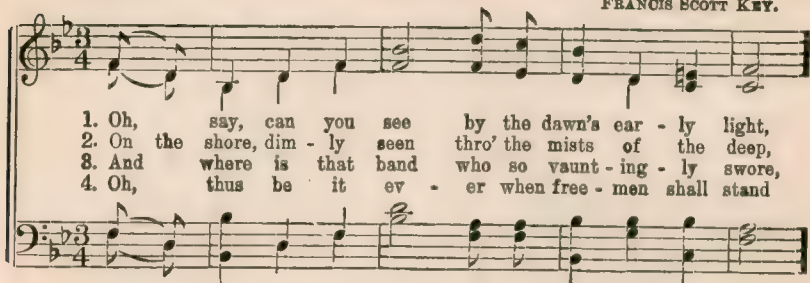


# PATRIOTIC SONGS.

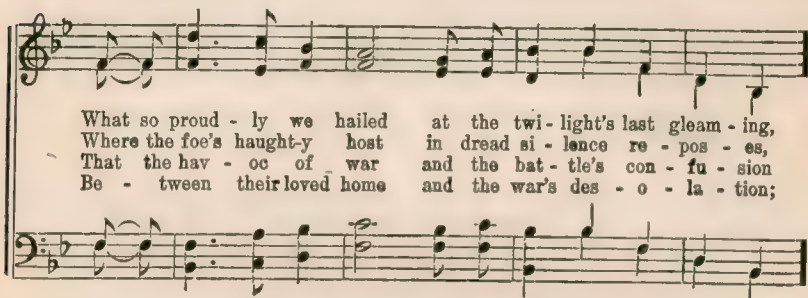
No. 94.

## The Star-Spangled Banner.

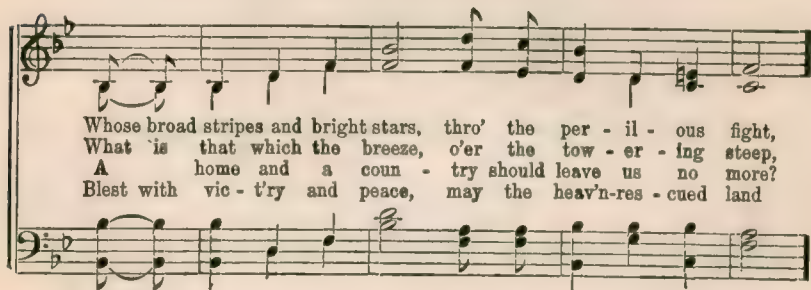
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



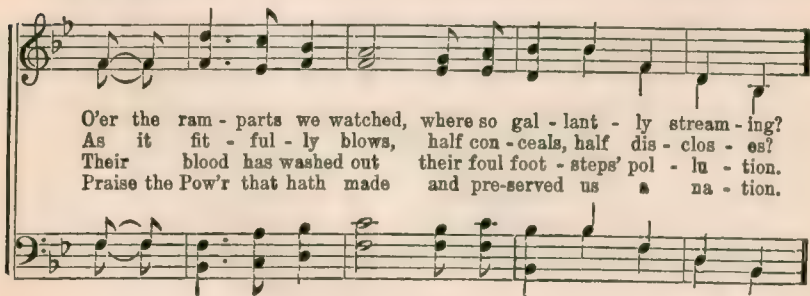
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,  
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,  
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand



What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing,  
Where the foe's haught - y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,  
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion  
Be - tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion;



Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,  
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?  
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - re - cued land



O'er the ram - parts we watched, where so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?  
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?  
Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion.



## The Star Spangled Banner.

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,  
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,  
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave,  
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
 In ful glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream;  
 From the ter - or of flight, or the gloom of the grave;  
 And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS. *ff*

Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave  
 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave  
 And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave  
 And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land... of the free, and the home of the brave?

# No. 95. Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. Free - dom waves her joy - ous pin - ions O'er a land, from  
 2. Un - ion, love and fel - low feel - ing Mark the saint - ed  
 3. Now no ty - rant's scep - tre sad - dens; Now no big - ot's  
 4. Crown and scep - tre, sword and buckler - Bau - blest - lay them  
 5. 'Tis thy fu - ture glo - ry, Zi - on, Glitt - 'ring in ce -

sea... to sea, Ran - somed, right - eous, and..... re - joic - ing,  
 day... of power; Rich and poor in all..... things e - qual,  
 power can bind, Faith and work, a - like..... un - fet - tered,  
 at.... her feet. Strife no more shall vex..... cre - a - tion;  
 les - tial rays, As the o - cean's sun - lit surg - ing,

In a world - wide ju - bi - lee. O'er a peo - ple  
 Right - eous - ness their rock and tower. Moun - tain peaks of  
 Win the goal by heav'n de - signed. God, not mam - mon,  
 Christ's is now the king - ly seat. Cit - ies, em - pires,  
 Rolls up - on my rapt - ured gaze! All that ag - es

hap - py, ho - ly, Gift - ed now with heav'n - ly grace, Free from  
 pride are lev - eled, Lift - ed up the low - ly plain, Crook - ed  
 hath the wor - ship Of His peo - ple, pure in heart; This is  
 king - doms, pow - ers, In one might - y realm di - vine. She, the  
 past have promised, All that no - blest minds have prized, All that

## Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

ev - 'ry sor - did fet-ter That en - slaved a fall - en race.  
 ness made straight, while crudeness Now gives way to cul - ture's reign.  
 Zi - on, oh, ye na-tions, Choose with her "the bet - ter part."  
 least and last of na-tions, Henceforth as their head shall shine.  
 ho - ly lips have prayed for, Here and now are re - a - lized.

No. 96.

### Land of the Free.

*Moderato.*

Words and music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. I love my own, my native land, The birthplace of the free, Blest  
 2. From ev-'ry clime, from ev-'ry land, To thee, fair land of mine, The  
 3. And in the fu-ture golden years, O may I al - ways be Loy-

from a - bove, 'tis thee I love, Sweet land of lib - er - ty.....  
 peo - ple come, both old and young, To wor - ship at thy shrine.....  
 al and true, faithful to thee, My God and lib - er - ty.....

CHORUS.

Land of the free, we hon - or thee, Thy ban - ners are un - furled,

Flag of the free, we hon - or thee, O wave to all the world.

## No. 97.

## Marseillaise Hymn.

*f*

1. Ye sons of Free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads  
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in - sa - tiate  
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy

*mf* *p*

bid you rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires, hear - y, Be-hold their  
des - pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and  
gen - rous flame? Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy

*f*

tears and hear their cries! Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful  
vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of  
no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the

*f*

ty - rants mis - chief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -  
bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore; But  
world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty-rants wield; But

*mf*

fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er - ty lie bleeding?  
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing.

## Marseillaise Hymn.

*ff*  
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a - veng - ing sword unsheathed!

March on, march on! all hearts re-solved on vic - to - ry or death.

No. 98.

## America.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

H. CARRY.

1. My coun - try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

*cres.*

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
breathe par - take, Let rocks their sil - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

# No. 99. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

*Spirited.*

1. O Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the  
 2. When war waged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the  
 3. The star - spangled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co - lum - bia's true

brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion, A  
 land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co -  
 sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its

world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy mandates make he - roes as -  
 lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -  
 stars cease to shine on the brave: May the serv - ice, u - nit - ed, ne'er

sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy  
 round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
 sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The

banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When  
 flag proud - ly waving be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The  
 ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

## Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

### No. 100.

### Hail, Columbia!

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im-mor-tal patriots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring
4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The

fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And  
no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-  
thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause; Let  
rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But

## Hail, Columbia!

when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val - or won. Let  
vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While  
ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With  
armed in vir - tue, firm and trus, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When

in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;  
off - ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That  
e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of  
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom obscured Co - lumbia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
Truth and Just - ice will pro - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.  
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.  
stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

### CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.



No. 101.

Utah, We Love Thee.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Land of the moun - tains high, U - tah, we love thee!  
 2. Co - lum - bia's new - est star, U - tah, we love thee!  
 3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee!

Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee!  
 Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee!  
 Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee!

Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the moun - tain's crest,  
 Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,  
 With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

In robes of state - hood dressed, U - tah, we love thee!  
 She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee!  
 God guard - ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee!

# No. 102. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWARD.

W. STEFFE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is  
 2. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye  
 3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is  
 4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the  
 deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my  
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate-ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.  
 born of wo-man, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.  
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

## No. 103.

## Flag of the Free.

WAGNER.

*Steady time.*

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the  
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho - sen of God while His

thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,  
might we a - dore; In lib - er - ty's van for man - hood of man,

Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore. Em - blem of Free - dom,  
Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er. Pride of our coun - try,

hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save; While thro' the  
hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would darken a star; While thro' the

*rit.*

sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

# SPECIAL MUSIC.

Choruses, Quartets, Trios, Duets, Solos, Etc.

## No. 104. Our Mountain Home So Dear.

EMMELINE B. WELLS.

Chorus.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Our moun - tain home so dear, Where crys - tal  
2. We'll roam the ver - dant hills, And by the  
3. In syl - van depth and shade, In for - est  
4. The stream - let, flow'r and rod, Be - speak the

wa - ters clear, Flow ev - er free, Flow ev - er free;  
spark - ling rills, Pluck the wild flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs;  
and in glade, Wher - e'er we pass, Wher - e'er we pass;  
work of God, And all com - bine, And all com - bine;

Flow ev - er free,

While thro' the val - leys wide, The flow'rs on ev - 'ry side  
The fra - grance on the air, The land - scape bright and fair,  
The hand of God we see In leaf, and bud, and tree,  
With most trans - port - ing grace, His hand - i - work to trace

Bloom in their state - ly pride, Are fair to see.  
And sun - shine ev - 'ry - where, Make pleas - ant hours.  
Or bird or hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.  
Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In heart di - vine.

# No. 105.

C. L. B.

# Beyond To-day.

Duet and Chorus.

T. H. M.

*Duet.*

*Andante legato.*

1. If we could see beyond to-day,
2. If we could know beyond to-day,
3. "If we could see, if we could know,"

As God can see; If all the clouds should roll away, The shadows flee.  
 As God doth know; Why dearest treasures pass a-way, And tears must flow.  
 We oft - en say; But God in love a veil doth throw, A - cross our way.

**CHORUS. Con moto.**

O'er pres-ent griefs we should not fret, Each sor-row we would soon for-get;  
 And why the dark - ness leads the light, Why drear-y paths will soon grow bright;  
 We can - not see what lies be - fore, And so we cling to Him the more;

*Slower.*

For ma - ny joys are wait - ing yet, For you and me. (For you and me.)  
 Some day life's wrongs will be made right, Faith tell us so. (Faith tell us so.)  
 He leads us till this life is o'er, Trust and o - bey. (Trust and o - bey.)

No. 106.

O, Ye Tears.

Solo.

ABT.

*Slow.*

1. O ye tears, O ye tears, That long have re-fused to flow,  
 2. O ye tears, O ye tears, I am thank-ful that ye run,

Ye are wel - come to my heart, Thaw-ing, thaw - ing like the snow.  
 Tho' ye come from cold and dark, Ye shall spar - kle in the sun.

The ice-bound clod has yield - ed, And the ear - ly snow-drops spring,  
 The rain-bow can not cheer us If the show'rs re-fuse to fall,

And the heal - ing fountains gush And the wil-der-ness shall sing.  
 And the eyes that can not weep Are the sad-dest eyes of all.

# O, Ye Tears.

O ye tears, O ye tears.

## No. 107.

## Lullaby.

To the memory of my little son, W. G.

Chorus or Trio.

GERIT DE JONG, JR.

G. DE J., Jr.

*Tranquillamente.*

*mp*

1. Now go to sleep, my ba - by dear, And rest se - cure, for I am  
 2. Sweet lit - tle one, now go to sleep, For an - gels true their vi - gil  
 3. (Hum.....

near. Now go to sleep, my lit - tle babe; Sweet dreams be  
 keep. Sweet lit - tle one, now close your eyes, The stars a -  
 Hum.....

*cres.* *rit. e dim.*

yours, un - til you wake, And do not fear, for moth - er is  
 bove, watch from the skies, A hap - py day, to - mor - row, a -  
 Hum.....

*a tempo.*

here. Now go to sleep my lit - tle one, my ba - by.  
 waits you. Now go to sleep my lit - tle one, my ba - by.  
 ..... Now go to sleep my lit - tle one, my ba - by.

*pp*

No. 108.

Our Eternal Home.\*

(Chorus or Trio.)

B. CECIL GATES.

1. With-in the shad-ow of Thy throne, Still  
 2. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight Are

*Allegretto.* *f* *p*

may we dwell se - cure— Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And  
 like an even-ing gone,— Short as the watch that ends the night Be-

our de-fense is sure. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her  
 fore the ris - ing sun. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all his sons a-

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\* May be sung as a solo.



## Our Eternal Home.

frame,—From ev - er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.  
 way;— They fly for-got-ten as a dream Dies at the open-ing day.

*rit.*

**CHORUS.**

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope, our hope for years to come, Our

shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our, and our e - ter - nal home.

*poco rall.*

Repeat chorus after last verse *pp.*

# No. 109. I Live for Those Who Love Me.

GEORGE LINNAENS BANKS. Duet or Two-Part Song.

GEO. CARLES.

*Sym. Moderato.*

1. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and
2. I live to learn their sto - ry, Who suf - fered for my
3. I live to hold com - mun - ion With all that is di -
4. I live to hail that sea - son By gift - ed minds fore -
5. I live for those who love me, For those who know me

true;..... For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me And a -  
 sake;..... To em - u - late their glo - ry And  
 vine;..... To feel there is a un - ion 'Twixt  
 told,..... When man shall live by rea - son, And  
 true;..... For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me And a -

## I Live for Those Who Love Me.

waits my spir - it, too;..... For all hu - man ties that  
 fol - low in their wake;..... Bards, pa - triots, marty - rs,  
 na - ture's heart and mine;..... To pro - fit by af -  
 not a - lone by gold;..... When man to man u -  
 waits my spir - it, too;..... For the cause that lacks as -

bind me, For the task that God as - signed me, For the  
 sag - es, The no - ble of all a - ges, Whose  
 fic - tion, Reap truth from fields of fic - tion, Grow  
 nit - ed, And ev - 'ry wrong' thing right - ed, The  
 sist - ance, For the wrongs that need re - sist - ance, For the

*rit.*

bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.  
 deeds crown history's pag - es, And time's great volume make.  
 wis - er from con - vic - tion, And ful - fill each grand de - sign.  
 whole world shall be light - ed, As E - den was of old.  
 fu - ture in the dis - tance, And the good that I can do.

No. 110.

Mother.

(To my Mother.)

I. H. W.

Solo.

IDA H. WHITE.

*Tenderly.*

1. My heart is full of moth - er dear, her pa - tient, guid - ing love.....  
 2. When thoughtless youth's impulsive lips have framed the angry word,.....

Has been an end - less bea - con light to lift my soul a - hove.  
 Her mild re - proof and sweet car - ess my gen - tle pas - sions stirred.

Her cheer - y smile and kind - ly words have soothed my wounded heart,....  
 My moth - er's love has nev - er waned - her heart has un - der - stood.....

Re - newed my hope, pre - served my faith, when sor - row's tears would start.  
 When oth - er's faith in me has failed, O wondrous moth - er - hood!

# Mother.

CHORUS.

My moth-er dear, my moth-er dear, Thy heart I'll ev - er cheer; Thy

path-way brighten with the years, My moth-er, my mother so dear!.....

*rit.*

## No. 111

## School Thy Feelings.

CHAS. W. PENROSE.

Trio or Chorus.

EVAN STEPHENS.

*Tenderly.*

1, School thy feel-ings, oh, my broth-er, Train thy warm, im-pul - sive soul;  
 2. School thy feel-ings, there is pow - er In the cool, col - lect - ed mind;  
 3. Wound not wil - ful - ly an - oth - er, Con-quer haste with zeal and might;

Do not its e - mo - tions smoth-er, But let wis - dom's voice con-trol.  
 Pas - sion shat-ters rea-son's tow - er, Makes the clear - est vi-sion blind.  
 School thy feel-ings, sis - ter, broth-er, Train them in the path of right.

No. 112.

Christmas Song.

Chorus.) Words and music by EVAN STEPHENS.

*f* Glo-ry be to God in the high - est, *pp*  
 Glo - - ry, glo - ry be to God, and peace on earth, and

*rit.* *f*  
 peace on earth..... { 1. This was the song the angels sang, Beth-lehem's  
 2. This is the song repeat-ed o'er, Each hap-py  
 3. Oh, let us try some aid to lend These of the

*p* *cres.*  
 plains a - bove, While near the blessed mother held The new-born King of  
 Christmas morn, And bless-ed mothers cling a-new To dear ones new - ly  
 new-born throng, To grow and live so in the end They, too, may join the

*f* *p* *f*  
 Love. Born un - to sor-row was the child, Tho' Lord of Life was He  
 born. Born un - to sor-row as was He, But oh, how weak and frail,  
 song. With the redeemed when life is o'er, When all the ransomed sing,

*p* *f* *ff*  
 To die as man, but un - de - filed, Win death - less vic - to - ry,  
 These lit - tle lambskins of our Lord, How prone to err and fail,  
 There's peace on earth, there's joy in heav'n, Saved by our Sav - lor King,

Win death-less vic - to - ry,.....  
 How prone to err and fail, .....  
 Saved by our Sav - lor King,.....

## Christmas Song.

Sing after last verse. Slower.

Win deathless vic - to - ry.  
 How prone to err and fail.  
 Saved by our Sav - ior King. And peace on earth, peace on earth.

## No. 113. Utah, We Love Thee!

(The State Song of Utah.)

*mf* *Maestoso*.  
 SOPRANOS.

Words and music by EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Land of the moun-tains high, U - tah, we love thee! Land of the  
 2. Co - lum-bia's new - est star, U - tah, we love thee! Thy lus - tre  
 3. Land of the pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee! Grow with the  
 ALTOS.

sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee! Far in the glo - rious west,  
 shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee! Bright on our ban - ner's blue,  
 com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee! With wealth and peace in store,

*cres.*  
 Throned on the mountain's crest, In robes of statehood dress'd, U - tah, we love thee!  
 A - mong her sisters true, She proudly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee!  
 To fame and glory soar. God-guarded ev - er-more, U - tah, we love thee!

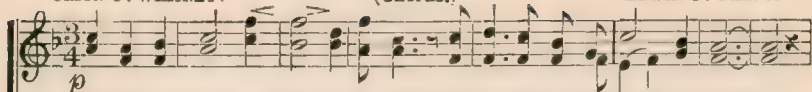
# No. 114.

# Home.

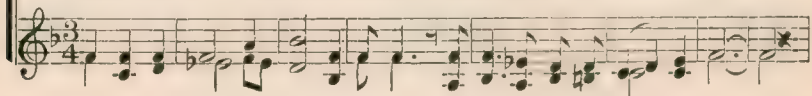
ORSON F. WHITNEY.

(Chorus.)

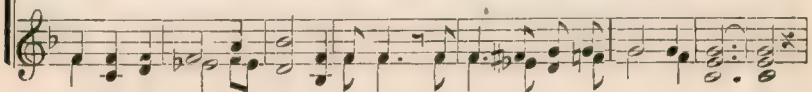
EDWIN F. PARRY.



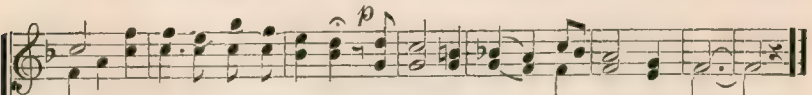
1. Ye who would brave the bounding billow, To view the wonders of the world,
2. Hast never thought, while rapt admiring The distant starlight o - ver head,
3. But I have stood a - mid the thunders, When shook the tow'ring granite height,
4. Sing not of Er - in's famed Killarney, Laud not the wave of Gal - i - lee,



And magni - fy with vain de - vo - tion, The scenes in foreign climes un - furled!  
 There may be flow'rs of beauty blushing Neglected 'neath thy care - less tread,  
 And trembled where the vivid lightnings Blazed on the angry brow of night.  
 For I have sailed the buoyant waters Of U - tah's wondrous sa - line sea.



Have ye ne'er dreamed of nearer splendors, Than beautify an al - ien strand— The  
 Ne'er has it been my lot to wan - der, O'er Orient sands or Alpine snows, To  
 Oh, tell me not that grand - er tempests Re - ver - be - rate with louder roar, On  
 I've climbed her ever - during mountains, I've rested in her peaceful vales, I've



glo - rious leg - a - cies of nature Bequeathed un - to your na - tive land.  
 lin - ger in the vineclad valleys Where Rhine's clear, winding water flows;  
 Switzerland's histor - ic sum - mits, Than on the Rock - y Moun - tains hoar,  
 quaffed her pure and sparkling streamlets, I've breathed her life - renewing gales.





No. 115.

Lasting Joy.

S. Y. GATES.

(Solo and Chorus.)

B. CECIL GATES.

SOLO. *Allegro.*

1. O in our hours of pleas-ure There sounds a note of pain, Yet  
 2. No orph-an cry un - heed - ed Shall ev - er strike our ears, The  
 3. We'll show our wayward sis - ters The help - ful ir - on rod, And

life gives good - ly meas - ure Of sun - shine aft - er rain. } We  
 wid - ow's plaintive sor - row Must win our tend'rest tears. }  
 seek to bring our loved ones In pur - i - ty to God. }

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

seek for eas - y du - ties, Like chil - dren seek for toys, We  
 to our souls flow wisdom, As sun - shine quick - en flow'rs, If

can not see the beau - ties Of sor - row's last - ing joys. In -

we o - bey God's pre - cepts, Ac - knowl - edg - ing His pow'rs.

# No. 116. Come, Saints, and Sing a Joyful Song.

S. Y. GATES.

Solo, Duet and Chorus.

B. CECIL GATES.

*Solo Andante.*

1. Come, Saints, and sing a joy - ful song To Him who rules on high,  
2. His wide pa - vil - lion He ex - tends O'er all who seek His face,

Who fash - ioned earth and stars, and spread The cur - tains of the sky.  
With heal - ing balm He binds their wounds, And shows them heav'nly grace.

*Duet.*

The lil - y nods be - neath His hand, The winds o - bey His will;  
What match - less love He man - i - fests, For wretch - ed hu - man loss;

The wave is bound - ed by His hand, And thunder's roar He stills.  
What ten - der pit - y for all such He lifts His sav - ing cross.

# Come, Saints, and Sing a Joyful Song.

CHORUS.

*f-p*

Re - joice, re - joice, In the songs of an - gels we hear

Prais - es ris - ing ev - er, As they soft - ly sing,  
Ris - ing

Re - joice, re - joice, All the courts of heav - en give ear,

*pp* *rit.*

Prais - es ris - ing ev - er To our Sav - ior King.

Repeat chorus softly after last verse.

No. 117.

My Mother's Love.

Duet or Chorus.

Slow Waltz tempo.

Words and music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. My moth - er's love is dear to me; No  
 2. My moth - er's love each day is mine, So  
 3. My moth - er's love will help me climb, Tho'

mat - ter where I roam,..... My  
 ten - der, strong and true,..... In  
 hard the way may be,..... To

thoughts will turn, my heart will yearn For  
 weal or woe, sun - shine or snow, It  
 pearl - y gates where an - gels wait To

moth - er's love and home.....  
 blooms for me and you.....  
 wel - come you and me.....

# My Mother's Love.

CHORUS.

My moth - er's love, My moth - er's love, The

sweet - est words I know; ..... An

an - gels love sent from a - bove To bless me

*For ending only.*

here be - low..... Moth - er's love.....

No. 118.

Gentle Words.

(From "The Open Door.")

Duet and Chorus.

LUCY M. GREEN.

IDA H. WHITE.

1. As gen-tle words fall on the heart, like sun-beams on the flow'rs, They chase the  
2. For ma-ny souls are bowed beneath, a load of grief and pain, And vain-ly

gloom and care a-way, cheer ma-ny lone-ly hours. They lift the  
try to find the way, to rest and peace a-gain. Let gen-tle

soul to heav'n a-bove, Bring com-fort, joy and cheer, Speak gen-tle  
words fall on their hearts, Like sun-shine aft-er rain, 'Twill cour-age

words of hope and love, and drive out doubt, and drive out doubt and fear.  
bring and faith im-part, new life re-store, new life re-store a-gain.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Speak gen-tle words when-e'er you can, Bring com-fort, joy....

## Gentle Words.

..... and peace and love..... Speak gen - tle words.... to ev - ry

*rit.*

one, They lift the soul,..... they lift the soul.... a - bove.

No. 119.

## Come, Dearest Lord.

GEO. CARELESS.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell, By faith and  
 2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make our en -  
 3. Now to the God whose pow'r can do More than our

love in ev - ry breast; Then shall we know and  
 larg - ing souls pos - sess, And learn the height, and  
 thoughts or wish - es know, Be ev - er - last - ing

taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.  
 breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace.  
 hon - or done By all the church, thro' Christ, the Son.

No. 120.

Oh, that My Soul.

M. M. JOHNSON.  
*Slowly.*

Chorus or Duet.

B. CECIL GATES.

1. Oh, that my soul in joy might meet My loved Re - deem - er's  
2. Oh, that my soul might learn to live The laws that are most  
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, with - in my heart The law that leads to

face..... In bless - ed con - fi - dence might greet The throne of  
high..... Learn sweetly, meek - ly to for - give, And grand - ly  
Thee;..... And give me pow'r to choose the part That leaves the

*Fast.*

heav'n - ly grace.... That, as my soul as - cends on high, The  
how to die..... And with its last fare - well to earth, A  
soul most free..... To Thee my dimmed, blurred life would rise, To

hap - py pæ - ans of the sky, Might sing a glad fare - well to earth,  
gem of bright, ce - les - tial worth, 'Twould find its mansions 'mong the blest,  
pur - er realms be - yond the skies, My ev - 'ry hope and wish shall be

And wel - come, and wel - come to a heav'n - ly birth.  
The hap - py, the hap - py souls whom Christ loved best.  
To still live, to still live near - er, Lord, to Thee.



No. 121.

Freedom and Love.

P. P. PRATT.  
*Slowly.*

Duet or Chorus.

B. CECIL GATES.

1. Hark! listen to the gentle strain, O'er hill and val-ley, grove and plain! It ech-oes  
2. The mountains high, the rivers clear, Where heaven sheds the dewy tear, In silence  
3. And most of all, a Sav-ior's love Was man-i-fest - ed from above; He died, and

CHORUS. *Waltz time.*

from the heights above, The voice of freedom, peace and love. { The flow'rs that bloom o'er  
or ma-jest - ic roar The God of love and peace a-dore. { The birds their numerous  
rose to life a-gain, Our freedom, love and peace to gain.

all the land, In har - mo - ny and or - der stand, Nor ha-t'red, pride, nor  
notes re-sound; In songs of

en - vy know, In free - dom, peace and love they grow; praise the earth a -

round, Their voices and their tongues employ In songs of freedom and love.  
*rit. pp*

## No. 122.

## The Mother's Plea.

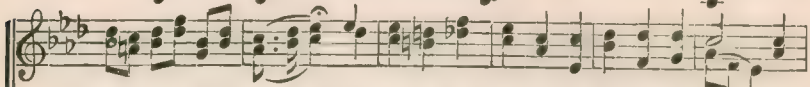
R. S. HORNE.

Duet.

IDA W. WHITE.



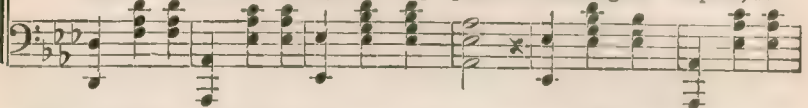
1. Our Father in heaven, Thy help we im - plore, For guidance we plead and Thy  
 2. We wish to be found ev-er faith-ful to Thee, Prove worthy Thy trust, Thy true



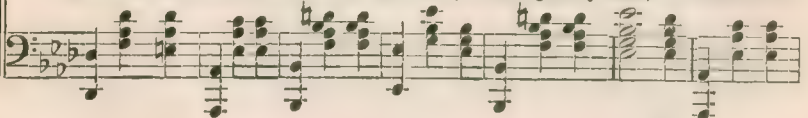
name we a - dore; Oh, grant us Thy light and Thy Spir-it di - vine, That  
 daugh-ters to be; Our thanks and our prais-es we tender sincere, And



ev - er to wor-ship our hearts may in-cline. As moth-ers in Zi - on we  
 gra-cious-ly seek in Thy light to ap - pear. For bless-ings so help-ful, so



wish e'er to know The du-ties of life, which Thy Spirit can show; That we may not  
 good and so grand, That come to us free-ly in this good-ly land, We of-fer our



fail in our efforts for right, But guard ev-'ry word and each act by Thy light.  
 thanks, we do fer-vent-ly ask That we in Thy smiles and Thy favor may bask.



No. 123.

If It Could Be.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.  
Play last line for introduction and interlude.

Solo.

CHARLES FREDERICK STAYNER.

*mp* *mf* *mp*

1. If it could be that you and I Could look in - to the years, And  
 2. If I could look in - to your eyes With pow - ers to di - vine, And  
 3. O we who mean our ways so well, But breathe our pray'rs too late, For

you could know my tests to be And I know all your tears, ..... I  
 there behold your soul's great need, And you could fathom mine, ..... I  
 those whose hearts beat close to ours, Who thirst and trust and wait, ..... What

*cres.*

won - der, should we speed our ways, To heal, nor won - der  
 won - der, should we search our hearts For words of life to  
 will the e - ven - tide re - turn, What holds its hush for

*f* *mf* *mp* *p* *rit.*

how..... To lay some sel - fish joy a - side?  
 say,..... Or should our world of nar - row cares  
 me,..... Whose faith is voiced for me and mine,

*mp* *mf* *mp* *tempo.*

Or should we smile and hur - ry by, And both for - get as now?  
 Blot out each oth - er from our pray'rs, And fill our ev - 'ry day?  
 For you and yours, no time, no time—What will His an - swer be?

# No. 124. O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

SUSA YOUNG GATES.

Chorus.

B. CECIL GATES.

*Allegretto.*

1. O! Thou who lov-est  
2. Let noon-tide bring me

*Piano.*

in - no - cence, Re - mem - ber me to - day. Thine an - gel guard a -  
food to eat And shel - ter for my head; Let eve - ning fold my

bout me keep, Thine an - gel guard a - bout me keep, Thine an - gel guard a -  
hands in peace, Let eve - ning fold my hands in peace, Let eve - ning fold my

O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

bout me keep, Nor let my fan - cy stray, nor stray. Let kindness  
 hands in peace, And slum - ber bless my bed, my bed. But most of

O.....  
 fill..... the com-ing hours, Let wisdom guide my feet, No haste nor  
 all..... I ask, dear Lord, That Thou wilt help me say, For this I

an-ger mar my tho'ts, Nor haste nor an - ger mar my tho'ts, But grant.....  
 humbly pray, "Thy will be done, Thy vic-t'ry won, Thy will, Thy will.....

# O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

me pa - tience, grant me patience sweet. For  
be done;..... for this I hum-bly pray. For

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The vocal line (top staff) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand treble staff, a left-hand treble staff, and a bass staff. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some chords marked with an 'x'.

this I pray, dear Lord, I pray, For this, dear Lord, I pray.

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures. A first ending bracket labeled '1' is placed over the final measure of the vocal line. The piano part includes some chords marked with an 'x'.

pray.....

This system contains the final four staves of the musical score. The vocal line ends with the word 'pray' followed by a dotted line. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. A second ending bracket labeled '2' is placed over the first measure of the vocal line. The piano part includes some chords marked with an 'x'.

# No. 125. When Light Peeps O'er the Hill.

BUSA YOUNG GATES.

Chorus or Quartet.

B. CECIL GATES.

*Moderato.*

1. When light peeps o'er the hill, When light peeps o'er the hill, 'Tis  
joy is in the heart, When joy is in the heart, No

night with-in the vale; 'Tis night within the vale; For day and night are  
room for sor-row there; No room for sorrow there; With fly-ing feet the

blend-ed quite When stars be-gin to pale. 2. When  
mo-ments fleet Night binds them with a pray'r. Then

*Vivace.*  
ban-ish ev-'ry care With mer-ry dance and song, God guards the way both

*poco rit.*  
night and day O'er life so bleak and long, O'er life so bleak and long.

No. 126.

The Relief Society.

J. M. C.

Duet.

JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

*Moderato. mf*

1. At midnight hour there came a call From a wid-ow's hum-ble home,  
 2. With lov-ing hearts and willing hands, They an-swer to the call;

*mf* *f*

"My dar-ling boy, my on-ly joy, Is dy-ing: I'm a-lone."  
 With heav-en's aid the boy is saved, By Him who helps us all.

*mf* *p*

The call was like a bu-gle sound, To the no-ble moth-er's hand,  
 The moth-er raised her voice in praise To God who reigns on high,

*mf* *p*

Who min-is-ter by night and day To the poor of ev-'ry land.  
 And thanked the moth-er an-gel band Who heard the wid-ow's cry.

CHORUS. *Faster. mf*

All hail! to thee, O no-ble band, Re-lief so-ci-e-ty,



## The Relief Society.

Whose earn-est zeal and kind-ly deeds Live in e - ter - ni - ty.

*p* *rit.*

No. 127.

## The New Freedom Song,

Loyally dedicated to Col. Richard W. Young.

LUCY A. R. CLARK.

Chorus.

EVAN STEPHENS.

*March time.*

1. O Thou, the God of truth and right, Be now Thine ar-mies blest; We  
 2. O Thou who rul-eth hosts that fight In freedom's ho-ly cause, Give  
 3. Pre-pare the way, O Pow'rful One, We bring our lives, our all; To

raise the Flag of Lib-er-ty To suc-cor the op- prest.  
 pow'r to break the ty-rant's yoke, Es- stab-lish righteous laws.  
 lift the struggling na- tions up, Hear us, O hear our call.

CHORUS.

We come, we come in might-y throngs To do the Christian's part:

*rit.*

The hun- gry feed, the na- ked clothe, Bind up the bro- ken heart.

No. 128.

Our Savior King.

S. Y. GATES.

Chorus.

VERDL. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. Ev-er Thou hast borne our sorrows, Lord,  
 2. Bind up - on Thy tender heart our load,  
 3. So - lace of our swiftly fleet-ing years,

Thou hast led us with Thy  
 Set our feet up-on the  
 Thou art quick to calm our

D. C.—Ev-er Thou hast borne our sorrows, Lord, Thou hast led us with Thy

pre - cious Word. Leave us not a - lone in this dark hour,.....Up-  
 up - ward road. Thou a-lone canst cleanse from us-all sin,.....  
 trem-bling fears. Lord of light and Prince of heav'nly peace,.....Bring

pre - cious Word. Leave us not a - lone in this dark hour,.....Up-

hold Thy shin - ing torch with Thine own matchless pow'r.  
 In Thy name we come, we come our souls to win. Then what  
 Thou to earth from war and pain a swift re - lease.

hold Thy shin - ing torch with Thine own matchless pow'r.

joy to sing to our Sav - for King, Tune - ful

# Our Savior King.

*D. C. al Fine.*

praise we bring, as we gath - er round Thy throne,  
as we round and

## No. 129. With Heavenly Inspiration.

From "THE OPEN DOOR."

LUCY M. GREEN.

Trlo.

IDA H. WHITE.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. With heav'nly in - spir - a - tion The Prophet turned the key, And  
2. For char - i - ty ne'er fail - eth, Tho' tongues and wonders cease; To  
gave this fa - vored na - tion Re - lief So - ci - e - ty; It's  
love and work for oth - ers Brings hap - pi - ness and peace. Now  
watchword lov - ing serv - ice To all hu - man - i - ty, And  
bet - ter days are dawn - ing, The Prophet turned the key, Re -  
faith and hope but great - er, It's mot - to, "Char - i - ty."  
joice with mu - sic ring - ing, God's chil - dren now are free.

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No. 130.

We Serve to Love.

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Chorus or Trio.

"Barcarolle," Offenbach.

Arr. B. C. GATES.

*Alto.*

1. We serve to love, we love to serve This  
 2. Thus, day by day, we sow the seeds Of

is our mot - to true;.... We love to serve, we serve to love In  
 love on ev - 'ry hand.... That will re - turn a hundred fold Un

*Alto and Sopranos.*

all things that we do. } We love to help the sick, the poor, And comfort those in  
 to our hap - py land. }

We Serve to Love.

need; We love to give a help-ing hand, In tho't, in word, in deed; In

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords and a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

word, in deed, in word, in deed, word and deed. Then  
In deed, in deed, in deed.

*rit.*

*rit.*

This system continues the musical score with three staves. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and two piano accompaniment staves. The tempo marking *rit.* (ritardando) is placed above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment.

*A tempo.*  
*1st and 2nd Soprano and Alto.*

come, O come, be one with us In heart, in soul, in hand, And

*A tempo.*

This system concludes the musical score with three staves. It features a vocal line with lyrics and two piano accompaniment staves. The tempo marking *A tempo.* is placed above the vocal line.

We Serve to Love.

God will love and re - ward you, Come, join our no - ble band;...

*Alto.* *1st and 2nd Sopranos.*

Come, join our no - ble band;... Come, join our no - ble band....

*Fall Chorus.*

And God will love and re - ward you; O come,.... O come!.....  
O come,

*dim.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

No. 131.

Sweet and Low.

Chorus or Quartet.

"Barnby." Arr. E. C. GATES.

*Slow.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low,  
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O-ver the roll - ing  
 moth-er's breast, Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him again to  
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver  
 Come from the  
 Sil - ver all

me,..... While my lit - tle one, While my pretty one sleeps.....  
 moon,.... Sleep, my lit - tle one, Sley, my pretty one, sleep.....

No. 132.

The Gospel Message.

"SPRING SONG."

Chorus. MENDELSSOHN. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. Ye wand - 'ring na - tions, now give ear Un - to the an - gels  
meek.... and hum - ble shall re - joice, The wise shall un - der -

cry, For lo!..... from heav'n he does ap - pear, To  
stand, All Is - rael now shall know His voice, And

bring sal - va - tion nigh..... He brought... the an - cient  
gath - er to their land..... Its open - ing wonders

rec - ord forth, Un - loosed the might - y seal, His  
burst to view All glo - rious and sub - lime, Point

glo - ry soon shall fill the earth, And won - drous things re - veal.  
out the path that men pur - sue Down to the end of time.



# The Gospel Message.

*Soprano.*

*Alto.*

Ye won-d'ring nations now give ear Un - to . . . the angels cry, For lol from  
The meek and hum-ble shall re-joice, The wise shall understand, All Is - rael

*All.* heav'n he does appear To bring, to bring salvation nigh. He brought the ancient  
now shall know His voice, And gather, gather to their land. Its open - ing wonders  
*rit.*

record forth, Unloosed the mighty seal, His glory soon shall fill the earth, And  
burst to view All glorious and sublime, Point out the path that men pursue, Down

wondrous things re-veal. 2. The *dim.*  
to the end of time. His glo - ry shall soon . . . . fill the earth,

*pp* His glo-ry soon . . . . shall fill . . . . the earth . . . . .

No. 133.

Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me.

WATTS.

Duet or Chorus. "You'll Remember Me," BALFE.  
Arr. B. C. GATES.

*Slow.*

1. Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for-ev-er Thine;  
2. I pray this even-ing sac-ri-fice, And when my work is done,

I fear be-fore Thee all the day; O may I nev-er sin.  
Great God, my faith, my hope re-lies Up-on Thy grace a-lone.

*Soprano only.*

And while I rest my wea-ry head, From cares and buisness free,  
Thus, with my tho't com-posed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;

'Tis sweet con-versing on my bed With my own heart and  
Thy hand in safe-ty keeps my days, And will my slum-ber

Thee ..... With my own heart, my own heart and Thee.  
keep, ..... And will my slum-ber, my slum-ber keep.

*Repeat chorus pp after last verse.*

No. 134.

All Our Hearts.

B. Y. GATES.  
*Slow.*

Chorus or Duet.

"Humoresque." DVORAK.  
Arr. by B. CECIL GATES.

1. All our hearts know hours of weeping, Yet we feel that Thou art keep - ing  
2. All Thy mer - cies gen - tly fall - ing, On our hearts so soft - ly call - ing,

Watch and ward o'er ev-'ry pass-ing hour. So we put a-way all  
To Thy might-y throne a-bove the sky. Give us help to do full

sadness, While we lean on Thee in glad-ness, On Thy ma-jes-ty and pow'r.  
du - ty, For we find in life all beau - ty, When to Thee we venture nigh.

Guide us, O guide us in our weak-ness, Keep us safe from earthly fear;  
Teach us, O teach us how to find Thee, Drive all e-vil far a-way;

Help us, O help us find the path-way To Thy presence, draw us near.  
Guide us, O guide us in our weak-ness, Till we reach the perfect day.

## No. 135.

## Love's Old Sweet Song.

Quartet or Chorus.

G. C. BINGHAM.  
*Moderato.*

J. L. MOLLOY. Arr. by B. C. GATES.



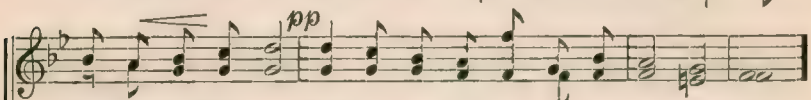
1. Once in the dear dead days be - yond re - call, When on the world the  
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it



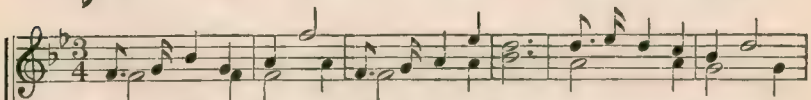
mist be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,  
dwells for ev - er - more; Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,



Low in our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where  
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when



fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.  
life's dim shad - ows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.



Just a song at twi - light, When the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows  
Song at twi - light, Lights are low, Flick - 'ring shad - ows



## Love's Old Sweet Song.

Soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea-ry, Sad the day and long,  
Come and go; Heart be wea - ry, Day and long,

Still to us at twi - light comes love's old song, Comes love's old, sweet song.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

No. 136.

## We Ever Pray for Thee.

E. S.

Trio.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. We ev - er pray for thee, our Prophet dear, That God will give to thee  
2. We ev - er pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be given thee  
3. We ev - er pray for thee, with fervent love, And as the children's prayer

com-fort and cheer; As the advancing years fur-row the brow, Still may the  
to do thy part, To guide and counsel us from day to day, To shed a  
is heard a - bove, Thou shalt be ev - er blest, and God will give All that is

light with-in shine bright as now, Still may the light within shine bright as now.  
ho - ly light a - round our way, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our way.  
meet, or best, while thou shalt live, All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt live.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system continues the piano accompaniment.

No. 137.

Spring.

S. Y. G.

Quartet or Chorus.

B. C. GATES.

*Moderato.*

*f* *p* *f*

1. Spring is in the can-yon, O spring, O spring, The sky is bright and fair, O  
 2. Buttercups are growing, O spring, O spring, Down in the low-ly vale, O

spring, O spring, Wild vi - o - lets are pouring Their in-cense on the  
 spring, O spring, The children search the hill-side For se - go lil - lies  
 O wild vi - o - lets are pour-ing Their  
 O the children search the hill-side For

air, Red In - dian bells in glo - ry, Be - deck the sagebrush hills, The  
 pale, O love is at the full - tide, And birds are on the wing, Sweet  
 incense—Red bells..... Be - deck the hills, The  
 lillies pale, O love,..... And birds on wing, Sweet

CHORUS.

*rall.*

streamlet's rushing sto - ry Is whispered by the rills. Sing la la la la for springtime,  
 hope is at the floodtide, And life is at the spring.  
 sto - - - ry  
 hope.....

Repeat chorus after second verse.

Hear the meadow lark sing, And la la la la, for joy-time, sweet spring, sweet spring.

No. 138.

We Love Our Work.

M. E. ABEL.

Solo, Duet and Chorus.  
 "Aloha Oe" Queen Liliuokalani. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. O Fa - ther, grant us strength and pow'r; Our mission needs Thee ev - ry  
 2. We want to live our love to show To Fa - ther's children here be -  
 3. We want to show our bishops all, We're min - ute women at their  
 J. We want our lives at home, abroad, To show that we are saints of

hour..... Help us in what we want to do, That to our  
 low..... We want to comfort in dis-tress, We want to  
 call;..... We want no more to speak unkind, But good in  
 God,..... That our good works may ever bring Glo - ry and

CHORUS.

trust we may prove true.  
 give all hap - pi - ness.  
 oth - ers quick - ly find.  
 praise to Christ our King.

We love our work, we want to live, That

God our Fa - ther's blessings we'll re - ceive;..... Help us to cleanse our

hearts from sin, That Thy pure love may ev - er dwell there-in, there-in.

No. 139.

Song to the Morning.

SUSA YOUNG GATES.

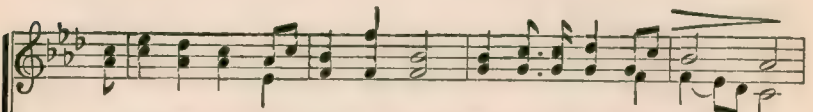
Chorus or Quartet.

B. CECIL GATES.

*Moderato. p*



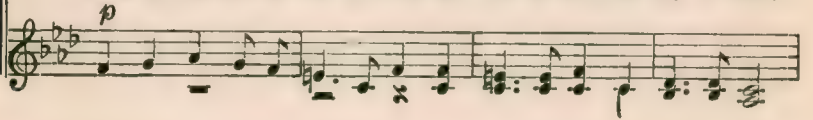
1. Up thro' the can - yon fresh and sweet, comes the breath of morn - ing;  
 2. The ev'n-ing sky in twi - light gold, guilds the hills with glo - ry;



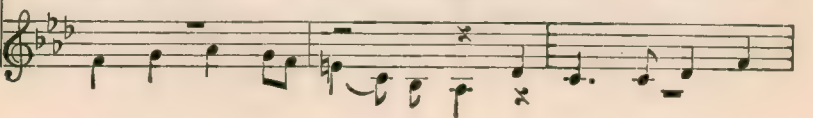
Up from the cit - y's drow - sy street whis-pers the full day's warn - ing.  
 The hast'ning gloom with peace en-folds the cit - y's half-told sto - ry.



Up my soul and the day be - gin, the day be - gin, the day be - gin;  
 Hush my soul for thy day is done, thy day is done, thy day is done;



Up the prize of life to win, the prize to win, the  
 Hush, thy race of life is run, thy race is run, thy





## Song to the Morning.

*pp* *a tempo.*

prize to win; Up, up my soul, the day be - gin, the  
 race is run; Hush, hush, my soul, thy day is done, thy

*p*

day with its pas - sion and pain;..... Up, up the prize of  
 day with its strug - gles and fret;..... Hush, hush thy race of

*ff*

life to win; Up, up my soul, the prize to  
 life is run; Hush, hush my soul, thy race is

*p poco rall.* *pp*

win; in sun, in cloud, or in rain.....  
 run; thy rest and the night have met.....

No. 140.

Glory Forever.

W. CLEGG.

From "Angel's Serenade." G. BRAGA. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

Sop. and Alto Duet first, Chorus on repetition.

To Him who

Sop. and Alto on this line after D. S. only.

Praise Him whom heav'n - ly hosts a - dore, . . . . .

rules on high, Whom heav'n - ly hosts a - dore, . . . . . The

And praise the Lord . . . . . ev - er -

sov' - reign Lord of earth and sky Be glo - ry ev - er -

\* As indicated, first, melody should be sung as duet, second, chorus sings same line on repetition. Top line should be sung only after D. S. Another good arrangement is to have duet parts played by two violins, or one violin and soprano voice.

Arrangement copyrighted by B. C. Gates. Used by permission.

# Glory Forever.

more,..... Let saints their voices raise, His

*Skip to Coda after D. S.*

His..... love to sing,..... Conspire with  
wondrous love to sing,.... Conspire with one accord, To

1 2

*Chorus.*

praise their Fa-ther and their King. To King.

# Glory Forever.

*Alto Solo or II Violin.*

Sing . . . . of the glo - rious time When all will own His

*Soprano Solo or I Violin.*

And sound His praise in songs . . . sub - lime, . . . In realms of

*Chorus.*

away, Praise songs sub - lime, In realms of

*Soprano and Alto Solo.*

end - less day. Ah! one ac - cord to

*Chorus.*

end - less day, In end - less day, To one ac - cord to

*Chorus.*

end - less day, In end - less day, To one ac - cord to

*D. S. al Coda.*

# Glory Forever.

praise their King.... Our sovereign Lord of earth and sky, Be glo-ry  
praise their King.

This system contains the first two systems of musical notation. The first system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second system is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

for ev-er-more;  
*Chorus.*  
Glo-ry, glo-ry for-ev-er,

This system contains the third and fourth systems of musical notation. The third system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The fourth system is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb) and the time signature remains common time (C).

praise, praise ye the Lord, Praise for-ev-er-more, praise Him....  
glo-ry for-ev-er, praise Him....

This system contains the fifth, sixth, and seventh systems of musical notation. The fifth system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The sixth system is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. The seventh system is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The key signature remains one flat (Bb) and the time signature remains common time (C).

No. 141.

A Prayer.

Words and arrangement,  
EDNA H. CORAY.  
*Andante Cantabile.*

LADIES' TRIO.

From "Communion in G,"  
BATISTE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain chords and melodic lines.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the composition from the first system. It features similar chordal and melodic textures.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The system concludes with a fermata over a chord in both staves.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff contains the lyrics: "Father in Heaven, gracious and tender, To Thee our". The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

# A Prayer.

humble de - vo - tions we ren - der, Do Thou watch o'er us.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The second staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the third and fourth staves are the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in a key with two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature.

sending be - fore us Light for our guidance, a - long life's dark

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The second staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the third and fourth staves are the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

way.

*mf* *dim erit.*

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are empty, with the word "way." written below the first staff. The third staff is the vocal line, and the fourth staff is the piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a dynamic marking of *mf* and a *dim erit.* instruction.

## A Prayer.

O may Thy Spir - it ev - er at-

*p*

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the piano accompaniment. The third staff is a more active piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is the bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present at the beginning of the third staff.

tend us, Read - y to com - fort, in-

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

spire or be - friend . . us When doubt as-

This system contains the final four staves of the musical score. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same.



# A Prayer.

sails us, and cour - age fails us,

This system contains the first four staves of music. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics 'sails us, and cour - age fails us,'. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand treble staff with a busy melodic line, and two left-hand bass staves with block chords. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Cloud - ing our souls with dark de-

*mf*

This system contains the second four staves of music. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics 'Cloud - ing our souls with dark de-'. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand treble staff with a busy melodic line, and two left-hand bass staves with block chords. The dynamic marking *mf* is present. A slur is placed over the vocal line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

spair.

*Legato mf*

This system contains the final four staves of music. The vocal line (top staff) has the word 'spair.'. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand treble staff with a busy melodic line, and two left-hand bass staves with block chords. The dynamic marking *Legato mf* is present. A slur is placed over the vocal line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

# A Prayer.

mp *p*

*a piacere.* *rit.*

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a dynamic marking of *mp*. The second staff is a bass clef. The third staff is a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music features various dynamics, including *p*, and performance directions such as *a piacere.* and *rit.*

When we have fin - - - ished

*p*

*a tempo.* 8

This system contains the fifth through eighth staves. The top staff is a treble clef with lyrics: "When we have fin - - - ished". The second staff is a treble clef with a dynamic marking of *p*. The third staff is a treble clef with a performance direction of *a tempo.* and an 8-measure rest. The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music includes an 8-measure rest in the third staff.

life's stern pro - ba - - - tion,

8

This system contains the ninth through twelfth staves. The top staff is a treble clef with lyrics: "life's stern pro - ba - - - tion,". The second staff is a treble clef. The third staff is a treble clef with an 8-measure rest. The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music includes an 8-measure rest in the third staff.

# A Prayer.

May . . . . . we mer - - it ce-

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a long note on 'May', followed by a series of eighth notes for 'we mer - - it ce-'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with a melodic line and a left-hand part with chords.

les - - tial sal - va - - - - - tion,

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note on 'les', followed by eighth notes for 'tial sal - va - - - - - tion,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

Where love e - ter - - - - - nal,

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note on 'Where', followed by eighth notes for 'love e - ter - - - - - nal,'. The piano accompaniment includes a trill-like figure in the right hand, marked with an '8' (octave), and continues with chords in the left hand.

# A Prayer.

'Mid joys su - per - - nal,

Heals all wounds our

hearts *rall,* have known, *slower.* O Father  
O

*rall.* *dim.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Mid joys su - per - - nal, Heals all wounds our hearts *rall,* have known, *slower.* O Father O. The piano accompaniment features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the right hand and block chords in the left hand. Performance markings include *rall.* and *dim.* for the piano part, and *rall,* and *slower.* for the vocal line.

# A Prayer.

guide our weary feet A - long the

guide our feet to

This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system is a vocal line in G major with lyrics: "guide our weary feet A - long the". The second system is a piano accompaniment with lyrics: "guide our feet to". The piano part features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand.

way, rest to rest complete, With Thee at  
rest rit. com - plete, With Thee at

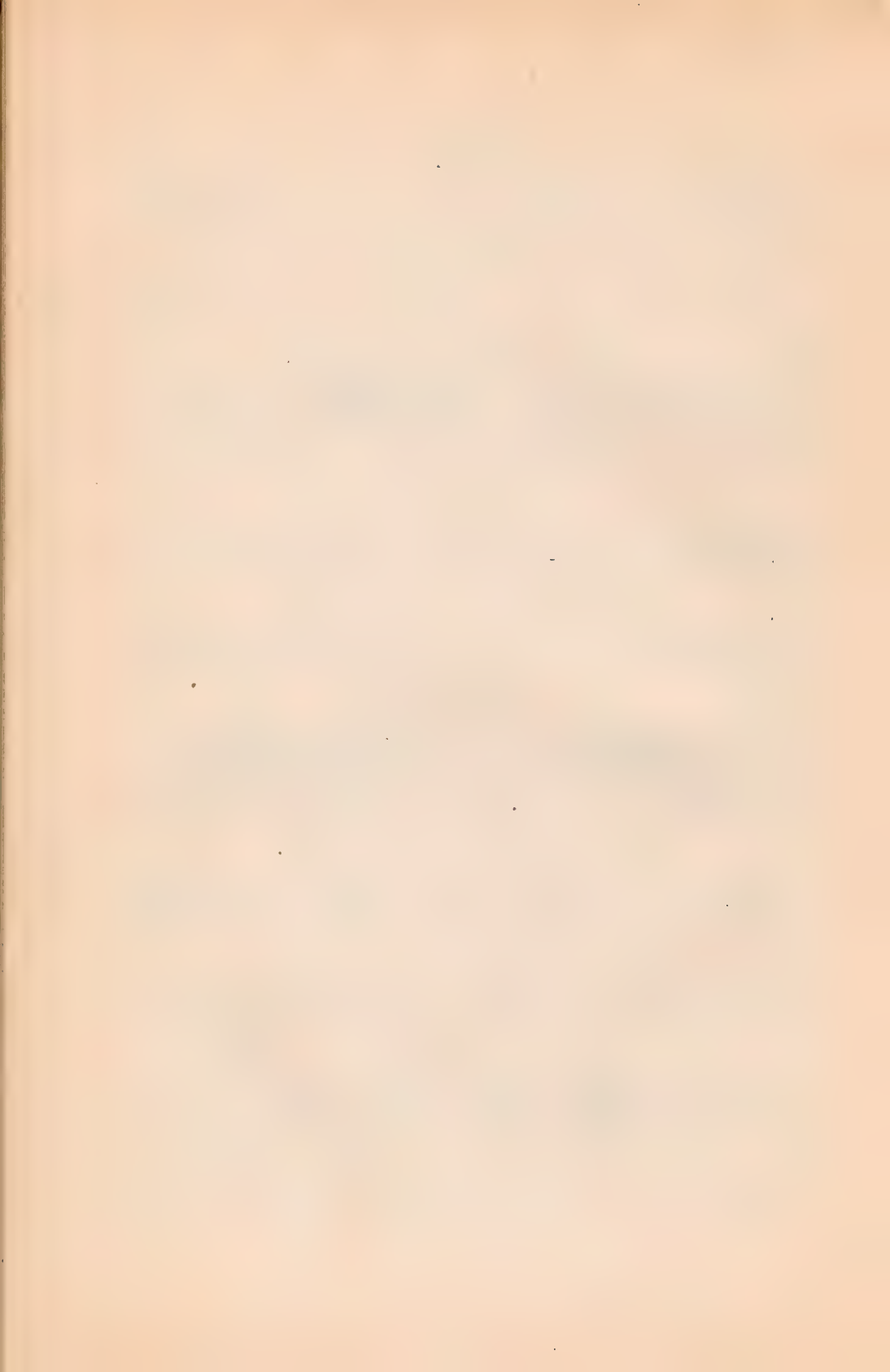
rit.

This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The vocal line has lyrics: "way, rest to rest complete, With Thee at" and "rest rit. com - plete, With Thee at". The piano accompaniment includes a "rit." marking and continues with the arpeggiated figure.

home.....rit e dim.....

rit. p pp

This system contains the fifth and sixth systems of music. The vocal line has lyrics: "home.....rit e dim.....". The piano accompaniment includes a "rit." marking and dynamic markings "p" and "pp".



# Miscellaneous Songs

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## No. 142.      Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,  
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.  
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,  
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,  
No place on earth do I love more sincerely  
Than old Virginny the state where I was born.

### CHORUS

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,  
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-time,  
There's where this old darkey's heart has long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There let me live till I wither and decay,  
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,  
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.  
Massa and Missis have long gone before me,  
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,  
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,  
There's where we'll meet, and we'll never part no more.

---

## No. 143.      Out Where the West Begins.

(The Poem *Out Where the West Begins*, by Arthur Chapman, is used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company)

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

## Out Where the West Begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins ;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching ;  
That's where the West begins ;  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying—  
That's where the West begins.

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No. 144.

### Old Black Joe.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away ;  
Gone from the earth to a better land I know.  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low ;  
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?  
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low ;  
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?  
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?  
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low ;  
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."



No. 145.

Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home ;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
There's no place like home,  
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,  
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child.  
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
There's no place like home,  
Oh, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor 'dazzles in vain,  
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
Give me them and that peace of mind dearer than all.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
There's no place like home,  
Oh, there's no place like home.

No. 146.

My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day ;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright ;  
By and by "hard times" comes a knocking at the door  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh, weep no more today !  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For my old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On meadow, the hill and the shore,  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow, where all was delight ;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

## My Old Kentucky Home.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh, weep no more today!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For my old Kentucky home far away.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend  
Wherever the darkey may go,  
A few more days and the trouble all will end,  
In the fields where sugar canes grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days will we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh, weep no more today!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For my old Kentucky home far away.

---

No. 147.

## Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of o' Lang Syne!

### CHORUS

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,  
For Auld Lang Syne,  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet  
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e run a'boot the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the barn,  
Frae mornin' sun till dine,  
But seas 'between us braid ha'e roar'd,  
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.

## Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,  
 Far, far away,  
 Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,  
 Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
 All up and down de whole creation,  
 Sadly I roam;!  
 Still longing for de old plantation,  
 And for de old folks at home.

## CHORUS

All de world am sad and dreary,  
 Eb'ry whar I roam;  
 Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,  
 When I was young;  
 Den many happy days I squandered,  
 Many de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing wid my brudder,  
 Happy was I;  
 Oh take me to my kind old mudder,  
 Der let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
 One dat I love;  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove.  
 When will I see de bees a-humming,  
 All round de comb;  
 When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
 Down in my good old home?

## The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view,  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wild-wood,  
 And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew.  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,  
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.  
 The cot of my father the dairy house nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

## The Old Oaken Bucket.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,  
For often at noon when return'd from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,  
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket that rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,  
As pois'd on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

No. 150.

### Good-Night, Ladies.

Good-night, ladies!  
Good-night, ladies!  
Good-night, ladies!  
We're going to leave you now.  
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we roll along,  
O'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies!  
Farewell, ladies!  
Farewell, ladies!  
We're going to leave you now.  
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we roll along,  
O'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies!  
Sweet dreams, ladies!  
Sweet dreams, ladies!  
We're going to leave you now.  
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we roll along,  
O'er the dark blue sea.

No. 151.      **The Dearest Spot on Earth.**

The dearest spot on earth to me  
Is Home, sweet Home!  
The fair land I long to see  
Is Home, sweet Home.  
Then how charm'd the sense of hearing,  
Then when hearts are so endearing,  
All the world is not so cheering  
As Home, sweet Home!

CHORUS

The dearest spot on earth to me  
Is Home, sweet Home!  
The fair land I long to see  
Is Home, sweet Home.  
  
I've taught my heart the way to prize  
My Home, sweet Home!  
I've learned to look with lover's eyes  
On Home, sweet Home.  
Then when vows are truly plighted,  
Then when hearts are so united,  
All the world besides I slighted  
For Home, sweet Home.

---

No. 152.      **Hard Times, Come Again No More.**

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more!"

CHORUS

'Tis the song, the sigh, of the weary;  
Hard Times! Hard Times! come again no more!  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door!  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more!"

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,  
There are frail forms fainting at the door;  
Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more!"

*Chorus.*

## Hard Times, Come Again No More.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who toils her life away,  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;  
Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,  
"Oh, hard times, come again no more!"

*Chorus.*

---

## No. 153.                   The Old Arm-Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide with me for loving that old arm chair?  
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,  
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;  
'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to my heart,  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start!  
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there,  
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey,  
And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd,  
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.  
Years roll'd by, but the last one sped,  
My idol was shatter'd, by earth-star fled;  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,  
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,  
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

---

## No. 154.                   My Bonnie.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
My Bonnie lies over the sea,  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

## My Bonnie.

### CHORUS

Bring back, bring back,  
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night, as I lay on my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

Oh! blow ye winds, over the ocean  
Oh! blow ye winds over the sea  
Oh! blow ye winds, over the ocean  
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

---

No. 155.

## Annie Laurie.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true;  
Gave me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on;  
That e'er the sun shone on;  
And dark blue is her e'e,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying  
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

No. 156.

**Sweet By-and-By.**

There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar ;  
For the Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS

In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.  
In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest,  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,  
We will offer our tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

---

No. 157.

**Marching Through Georgia.**

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along ;  
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty-thousand strong,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,  
How the turkeys gobbl'd which our commissary found!  
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,  
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years ;  
Had they could they be restrain'd from breaking forth in cheers,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"  
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,  
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,  
While we were marching thro' Georgia.



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